THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1895.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

THE FISHING STREAMS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

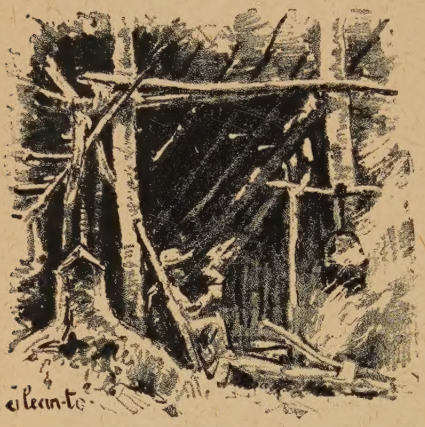
LEAVING St. John, the Canadian Pacific Railway reaches the great bend of the river above Grand Falls and the network of tributaries, that with their tiny lakes describe delicate traceries over Northern Maine, and intermingle with the head-waters of the Restigouche, Nepisiguit, Miramichi, and others of upper New Brunswick. The regions beyond these streams, and but a few miles from the railway, are essentially an unexplored wilderness, full of large game, and the wildest possible scenery.

The Tobique River, penetrated for fifteen miles by a branch railway, has certain elements of the grand and picturesque not possessed by any other provincial stream. It runs through a mountain group of astonishing grandeur. A portion or connection of the Alleghany system, they seemingly assert their relationship by appearing in abrupt and striking forms. The Blue Mountain range on the lower side attains an altitude of eighteen hundred feet.

The next river of importance is the famous Miramichi. This remarkable stream is said to have over a hundred tributaries, which would certainly seem reasonable on studying its appearance on the map.

In any other country than Canada the Miramichi, flowing two hundred

miles from the interior, would be thought a large river, but here it is only one among a number of such. Its upper regions have never been fully explored. They are still the



HUNTER'S LODGE.

haunt of the moose, caribou, deer, bear, wolf, fox, and many kinds of smaller game; while the streams abound in the finest fish.

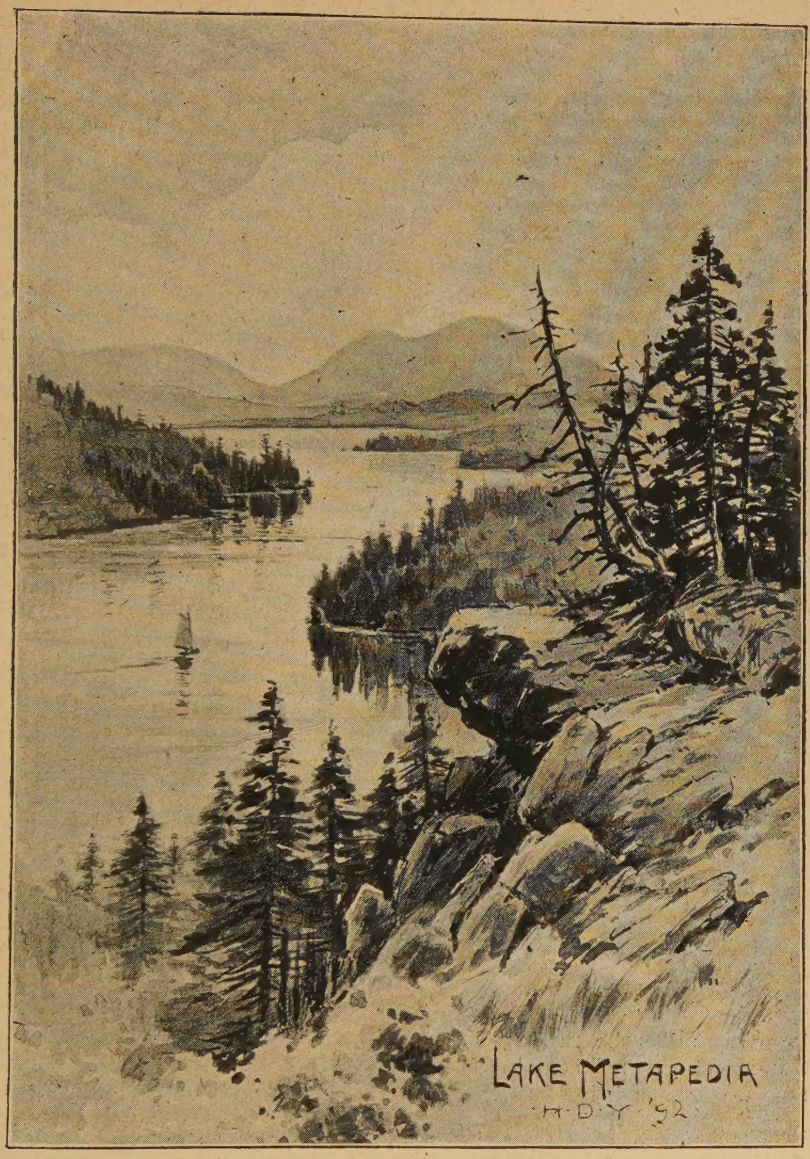
In 1825 the Miramichi district was devastated by one of the most disastrous forest fires of which we have any record. A long drought had parched the forest to tinder. For two months not a drop of rain had fallen, and the streams were shrunken to rivulets. Numerous fires had laid waste the woods and farms, and filled the air with stifling smoke. The Government House at Fredericton was also burned. But a still greater calamity was impending.

On the 7th day of October, a storm of flame swept over the country for sixty miles—from Miramichi to the Bay of Chaleurs. A pitchy darkness covered the sky, lurid flames swept over the earth, consuming the forest, houses, barns, crops, and the towns of Newcastle and Douglas, with several ships upon the stocks. Resistance was in vain and escape almost impossible. The only hope of eluding the tornado of fire was to plunge into the rivers and marshes; and to cower in the water or ooze till the wave of flame had passed. The roar of the wind and fire, the crackling and crashing of the pines, the bellowing of the terrified cattle, and the glare of the conflagration were an assemblage of horrors sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. When that fatal night had passed, the thriving towns, villages and farms over an area of five thousand square miles were a charred and blackened desolation. A million dollars' worth of accumulated property was consumed, and the loss of timber was incalculable. One hundred and sixty persons perished in the flames or in their efforts to escape, and hundreds were maimed for life. The generous aid of the sister provinces, and of Great Britain and the United States, greatly mitigated the suffering of the hapless inhabitants, made homeless on the eve of a rigorous winter.

We next reach the magnificent

FISHING TENT.

Bay of Chaleurs—one of the noblest havens and richest fishing grounds in the world—ninety miles long and from fifteen to twenty-five miles wide. I could not help thinking of that first recorded visit to this



lonely bay, three hundred and fifty years ago, when Jacques Cartier, with his two small vessels, entered its broad expanse and found the change from the cold fogs of Newfoundland to the genial warmth of this sheltered bay so grateful that he gave it the name of the Bay of Heats, which it bears to this day. The Indian name, however, "Bay of Fish," was still more appropriate. These waters are yearly visited by great fleets of American fishermen from Gloucester and Cape Cod. We in the West have little idea of the value of the harvest of the sea in those maritime provinces, where it is often the best, or, indeed, the only harvest the people gather. It was in these waters that the misdeed of Skipper Ireson,

commemorated as follows by Whittier, found its scene:

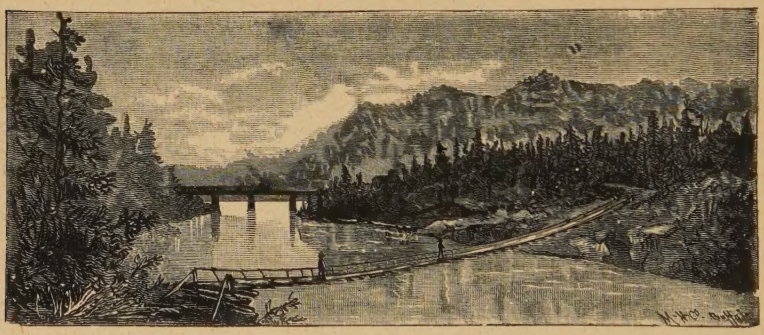
"Small pity for him!—He sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay,—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own townspeople on her deck!
'Lay by! lay by!' they called to him;
Back he answered, 'Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!'
And off he sailed through the fog and rain.
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead.

"Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie for evermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain that sailed away?—
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead."

majestic. The whole region is mountainous, and almost precipitous enough to be Alpine; but its grandeur is derived less from cliffs, chasms, and peaks, than from far-reaching sweeps of outline, and continually rising domes that mingle with the clouds.

What a splendid panorama is enjoyed day by day by the occupants of the lonely farm-houses on the far hills looking over the majestic bay. Steamer trips are made to Gaspé, that bit of France where all the quaint customs and dress of the Breton fishermen are retained, to a large degree.

Campbellton, an important railway and shipping point, is situated at the head of deep water navigation. The river is here a mile wide, and at its busy mills Norwegian vessels were loading with deals for British



MILL STREAM, METAPEDIA.

For many miles the railway runs close to the shore of this noble bay, its blue waters sparkling in the sun,

And like the wings of the sea-birds
Flash the white-caps of the sea.

Around the numerous fishing hamlets in the foreground lay boats, nets, lobster-pots and the like; and out in the offing gleamed the snowy sails of the fishing boats. A branch railway runs down the bay to Dalhousie, a pleasant seaside town backed by noble hills. As the bay narrows into the estuary of the Restigouche, the scenery becomes bolder and more

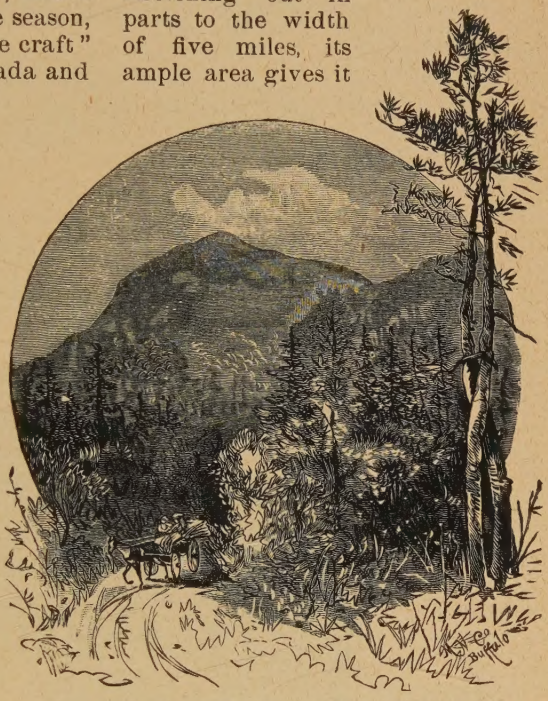
ports. Its situation is most romantic. As I went to church on Sunday night the scene was very impressive. The solemn hills beguarded the town on every side, waiting as if for the sun's last benediction on their heads. The saffron sky deepened in tone to golden and purple. Twilight shadows filled the glens and mantled over sea and shore. I could not help thinking, if you take the church spires and the religious life they represent out of Canadian villages what a blank you would leave behind. How sordid and poor and mean the life and thought of the

people would be. How narrow their horizon, how merely animal their lives.

The Restigouche is one of the great salmon streams of the world, and is a popular resort, during the season, of the devotees of the "gentle craft" from the chief cities of Canada and the United States. One never knows the true taste of salmon till he eats it fresh from the sea in these tide waters.

Before one departs from Cambellton he should, if possible, climb Sugar-loaf Mountain, eight hundred feet high, which seems attractively near. The path is very steep and rugged, but the view from the summit well repays the effort. One can trace the windings of the Restigouche up and down among the hills for many miles. Here I saw the splendid spectacle of the approach of a thunderstorm across the valley. The sun was shining brilliantly everywhere except in the track of the storm. It was grand to watch its approach, but when it wrapped one in its wet and cold embrace, it rather threw a damper over the fun. The trees were soon dripping—and so was I. I got down rather demoralized as to my clothes, but having laid up a memory of delight as an abiding possession.

Lake Metapedia, the fountain-head of the river which bears the same name, is the noblest sheet of inland water seen along the route. All lakes have a beauty which appeals to the imaginative mind, but this enshrined among the mountains must impress the most prosaic nature. About sixteen miles in length, and stretching out in parts to the width of five miles, its ample area gives it a dignity with which to wear its beauty. Embosomed on its tranquil waters lie isles rich in verdure, while shores luxuriant with Nature's bounty make a fitting frame to so fair a picture. He who has told us of Loch Katrine could sing of this lake that



SUGAR-LOAF MOUNTAIN, CAMPBELLTON, N.B.

> "In all her length far winding lay,
> With promontory, creek and bay,
> And islands that, empurpled bright,
> Floated amid the lovelier light;
> And mountains that like giants stand
> To sentinel enchanted land."

A SACRED burden is this life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

—*Frances Anne Kemble.*

EVERY-DAY LIFE IN BIBLE LANDS.

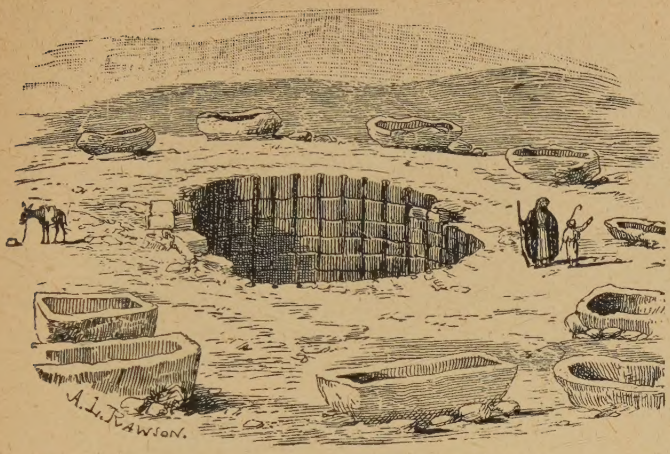
BY THE EDITOR.

WATER, WELLS, AND IRRIGATION.

WOMEN OF NAZARETH CARRYING WATER-JARS.

"THE customs of the modern East," says Dr. Van-Lennep, "are the only key that can unlock the sense of many a valuable text of Scripture. This has been proved by many examples, and the more thorough acquaintance with the East will doubtless multiply these valuable interpretations."

In few respects is this more true than in the numerous references to water in the Bible. In an Eastern and in large part arid country, water is a prime essential to fertility

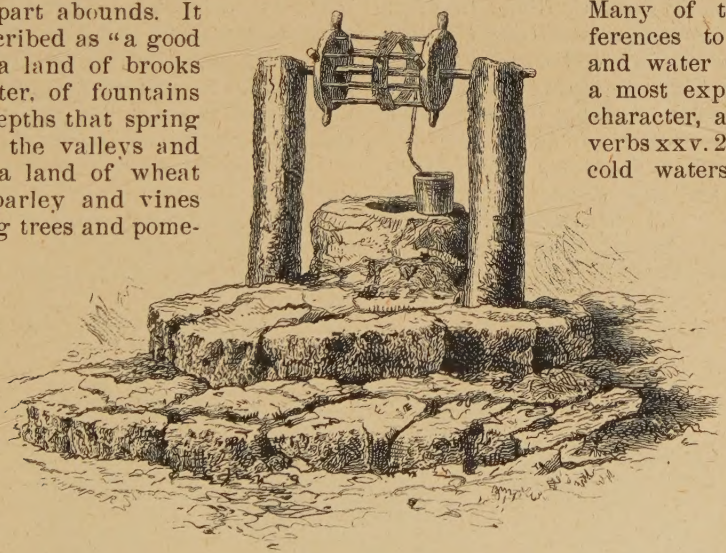


ABRAHAM'S WELL, BEERSHEBA.

and prosperity, and even to existence. Hence the many striking images of Hebrew poetry and allusions of Hebrew prose. In the land of Canaan, especially in its northern regions, water for the most part abounds. It is described as "a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of the valleys and hills, a land of wheat and barley and vines and fig trees and pomegranates, a land of oil, olive and honey." Deut. viii. 7. 8.

There also fell the latter rain, producing exceeding fruitfulness. Yet at times pure and fresh water was scarce. Hence the herdsmen often strove for the possession of the wells of water. Genesis xxvi. 20. and Numbers xx. 19.

Water is in the Scripture not only the symbol of abundance and blessing, as Job xx. 17, and Isaiah xliv. 3, but also of spiritual grace and benediction, Is. xii. 3: "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." Says one of the Rabbis, "He who has not seen the joy of water-drawing has never seen joy in his life." See also Psalm xxxvi. 9: "For with thee is the fountain of life." Many of the references to wells and water are of a most expressive character, as Proverbs xxv. 25: "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." See also Proverbs xi. 25 and xxv. 14.



ANCIENT WELL AND WINDLASS.

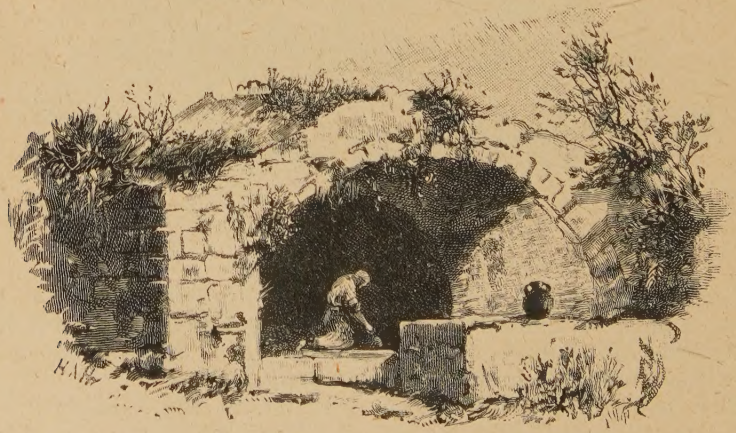
Fountains and wells were a most valuable possession in a pastoral country, without which the flocks

WAYSIDE WELLS.

would soon perish. An excellent spring of water often determined the halting-place of travellers, and hence the site of a village or city. In our journeyings through Palestine one of our first considerations in selecting a camp was, of course, the presence of water for our horses and ourselves.

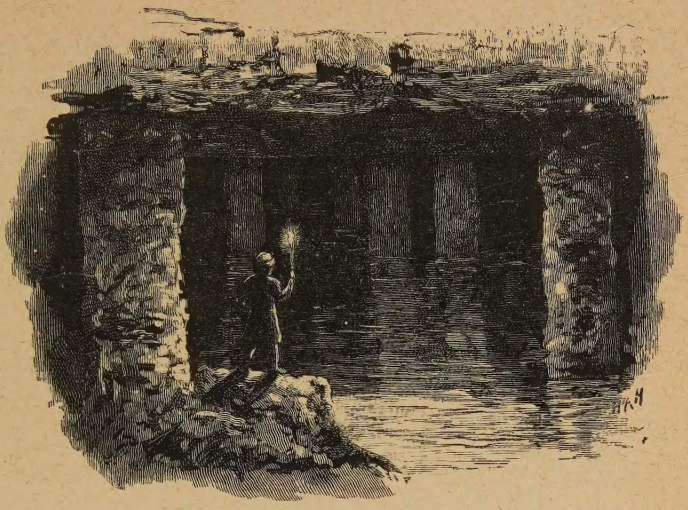
To protect the water from impurity the well was often covered with a broad and heavy stone, which must be removed before the flocks could be watered. This frequently required the efforts of several men. See Genesis xxix. 3 and 8. This stone was sometimes secured with a seal formed in clay. Near the pools of Solomon I visited the identical spring, in a subterranean chamber reached by several steps, supposed to be referred to as the "spring shut up, the fountain sealed." Cant. iv. 12.

"Such sealed wells were reserved," says Dr. Thompson, "till a time of greatest need, when all other sources of supply had failed." This may illustrate the passage in Zechariah, "In



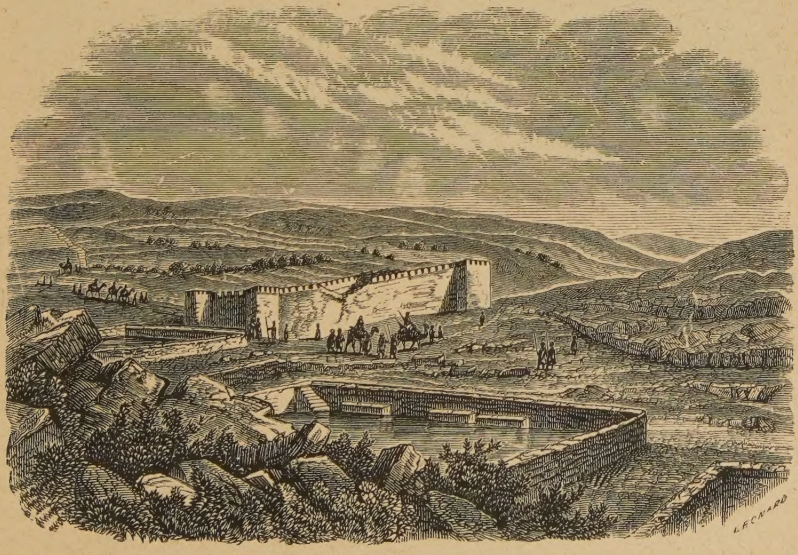
ENTRANCE TO CISTERN.

that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness." Perhaps this refers, too, to the practice of the women taking their soiled clothing to the fountains and there cleansing them.



CISTERNS UNDER TEMPLE AREA AT JERUSALEM.

The most interesting well in all Palestine, and the spot which can be positively identified with the presence of the Master is Jacob's well, nigh unto Sychar, of which we read the patriarch drank, himself and his children and his cattle. The more sacred memory, however, is that of our blessed Lord who, "being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well" and discoursed with the Samaritan woman concerning the Water of Life. The Jewish Rabbis say that a Jew should not give even a drink of water to Samaritans, but this sinning woman and the Good Samaritan of the parable were superior in practical morality to the bigoted religionists of Israel. Travellers generally carry with them a leathern vessel and cord with which to draw water from



SOLOMON'S POOLS AND TURKISH FORTRESS.

these deep wells, hence the wondering question of the woman of Samaria, "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep: from whence hast thou that living water?"

The life-giving and refreshing influence of water in a thirsty land makes it a fitting figure for that fountain of divine grace which quickens or restores the souls of men. Hence the special force of the Saviour's words: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst: but the water that I shall give him shall be a well of water springing up into everlasting life." See also His words on the last great day of the feast in John vii. 37 and 38.

With a propriety and beauty not usually appreciated in our moist climate is the happiness of the righteous set forth under figures derived from the luxuriance of the vegetation through the effects of water: "Thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not." Isaiah lviii. 11.

In cut on page 349 is shown one of the most ancient wells of the country, at Beersheba, with its water-troughs. In the curbstones of this well may still be seen the grooves made by the ropes or leathern cords by which the water was drawn up. Sometimes over the well was an arrangement very like a Canadian well-sweep, a long beam pivoted near one end, its shorter arm being weighted to counterbalance the water at the other end. Frequently a revolving pulley or wheel is suspended over the well, as shown in lower cut on page 349. One such I saw at the well in the so called house of Simon the tanner, at Jaffa. It was alleged, with small show of proof, that this was the identical well at which the water was drawn

POOL OF HEZEKIAH, JERUSALEM.—2 KINGS XX. 20.

WOMEN AT A FOUNTAIN IN PALESTINE.

for the tan-vats of Simon. Often water was retained in large underground cisterns, frequently built of solid masonry, with a flight of steps extending to the bottom, as in one which I visited at Solomon's Pools.

Beneath the surface of the Haram-es-sherif, or court of the "Mosque of Omar," at Jerusalem, were very extensive cisterns hewn out of the solid rock, which was left in the form of pillars to support the roof. Such reservoirs must have been absolutely necessary for the performance of the ablutions required in the temple, and as a supply of water for the city in the time of siege.

So also the pool of Hezekiah, of Bethesda, and other pools of Jerusalem may have been designed for this purpose. These would be needed especially for the multitudes,

numbering, it is estimated, two millions of people, assembled during the passover and great feasts, and for the vast number of lambs and other animals brought for the sacrifices.

FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN AT NAZARETH.

Analogous to this is the grotto of a thousand pillars at Constantinople, a vast underground cistern with lofty vaulted roof, now partially filled with earth and employed for silk spinning. I visited a similar one near Baiæ, constructed to hold water for the Roman fleet. One cistern of the Haram-es sherif is estimated by Captain Warren to be capable of holding seven hundred thousand gallons, and another he considers to be still larger. The capacity of the whole Dr. Geikie estimates at ten million gallons. During her many sieges Jerusalem was never once obliged to surrender for want of water. "The besiegers without," says Thompson, "suffered greatly from a scarcity of water, but not the inhabitants within the city."

Solomon's Pools, near Bethlehem, were three great reservoirs covering several acres, from which the city was supplied by means of aqueducts running for miles along the slopes of the hills, as well as to water the extensive gardens in the King's Dale.* So poor is the present water-supply of Jerusalem that hundreds of peasants are employed in conveying water from Job's well in the vale of Kedron, up the steep ascent of six or seven hundred feet to the city. The duty of carrying water from the fountain or well to a remote part of the town beneath the hot sun is an exceedingly laborious one, as well as that of gathering fuel from the scanty resources of the country. Hence the bitterness of the doom of the Gibeonites condemned to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

Arrangements are now being made to restore some of the ancient aqueducts so as to supply free water to the inhabitants of Jerusalem.

When the canals get out of repair, or the aqueducts are broken, so that there is no longer a sufficient supply of water, the whole country

FOUNTAIN IN CANA.

* Like this was probably the conduit of Hezekiah, mentioned in 2 Kings xx. 20: "And the rest of the acts of Hezekiah, and all his might, and how he made a pool, and a conduit, and brought water into the city, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the kings of Judah?" The broken aqueduct at Jericho once carried a powerful stream of water from the fountain at a height of sixty feet above the valley.

lapses into barrenness. The water may spread into a malarial morass, or the drifting sand bury every green thing. This explains the doom of the once great cities of Babylon and Nineveh, with the fair and fertile gardens and vineyards by which they were surrounded. "But Nineveh is of old like a pool of water," Nahum ii. 8.

Water is the chief beverage of the Oriental, and he becomes quite a connoisseur of its quality. This, and perhaps the force of early associations, may explain the longings of King David for a draught from the well of Bethlehem, his native city, where as a child and shepherd lad he had been accustomed to drink. The benefit conferred on the city of Jericho by the healing of the fountain of Elisha shows the value of a supply of good water. The importance of an ample supply of water for a besieged city is shown by the

NUBIAN WOMAN CARRYING WATER.

PUBLIC DRINKING FOUNTAIN, CAIRO.

vast expense incurred in the excavation of deep wells. The so-called well of Joseph, in the citadel of Cairo, two hundred and eighty feet deep, is a case in point; also another, three hundred feet deep, which I saw in the burg or castle of Nuremburg.

The village fountain is often covered with a structure of mason-work, more or less costly and ornamented, with a basin or trough for holding the water, to save the precious element from waste and to make it more accessible. Thither, once or twice a day, comes a woman from every family in the town for a supply of water for domestic use. Hence, this is the favourite place for social gossip while jar after jar is being slowly filled from the trickling stream. At Nazareth on Easter Sunday we saw many scores of women

SHERBET-SELLER, CAIRO.

in their bright Easter dresses come to the Well of the Virgin, as the mother of our Lord and the child Jesus must often have come nearly nineteen hundred years ago. The water is carried in earthen jars poised upon the head or shoulder. Some of these I could scarcely lift. With erect and graceful carriage these daughters of the Orient climbed the steep streets of the little town which for thirty years was the home of Jesus.

The picture in Genesis xxiv. 11, is true to the very life: "And he made his camels to kneel down without the city by a well of water at the time of the evening, even the time that women go out to draw water." The camels still kneel like Patience in the arid sand; the women draw water for their evening meal—the men consider it beneath their dignity to engage in such menial work. The most they will do is to remove the stone from the well's mouth. Even the courtesy of the messenger of Isaac permitted him to allow Rebekah to draw water not only for himself but for his camels. The action of Rebekah in removing the pitcher or jar from her shoulder to her hand is also true to the life. We have often had the same service rendered by a graceful Fatima or Zenobe—dark-eyed daughters of the desert. The long files of graceful women, each walking like a queen, bearing their water-jars upon their heads is one of the most picturesque features of Oriental life. See page 348.

These jars are for the most part of porous earthenware, the exuding of the water through which keeps it cool. Often large stoneware jars were employed for holding water, oil, grain and fruit. In the neighbourhood of Cana of Galilee many

WATER-SELLER, CAIRO.

fragments of these could be seen as well as many larger ones alleged to be the identical water-pots which Jesus used when He began His miracles by changing the water into wine.

All day long in Egypt was our party accompanied by lithe and graceful damsels bearing upon their heads, or palms, for our use, earthen jars, of course of much less size than those described. It was common to have one of these smaller jars or cruises of water near the pallet on the floor at night. This explains the reference to David's carrying away the cruise from beside the couch of Saul, Sam. xxvi. 11–12.

GOATSKIN AND EARTHEN WATER-BOTTLES.

In the towns and cities of Jerusalem, Damascus, Cairo, and even at Venice we have seen water sold in the street by men who carry it on their backs in large earthen vessels, and make a constant jingling of the brass cups from which it is drunk, and cry out, "The gift of God." Sometimes the water is flavoured with anise seed or cooled with sherbet. This practice of selling water gives new meaning to the expression, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price."

WATER-CARRIER, CAIRO.

WATER-SELLER, DAMASCUS.

But these earthen vessels are very fragile, and for conveying water for any distance leathern sacks or "bottles" are used. These are generally an entire goatskin, the extremities of the legs being tied up and a small opening left in the neck for pouring out the water. At Hebron is a special tannery where from time immemorial the "bottles" have been manufactured. We saw many scores of them distended with some tanning liquor and looking like the bloated bodies of drowned beasts. They are often smeared with oil or grease to prevent evaporation, and have a particularly uninviting look. The water soon becomes tepid and insipid, and makes the use of cooling sherbet or flavouring extract extremely necessary. These bottles become weak with age and liable to burst, hence the words of our Saviour, "New wine must be put into new bottles," for its fermentation would burst old wine-skins. Hung up in the tents the skins often become black as soot. Hence the expression,

Ps. cxix. 83, "I am become like a bottle in the smoke." The expression in Joshua ix. 4, shows clearly the nature of these "bottles" which should have been translated in nearly all of these cases "skins": "The Gibeonites did work wilily and took old sacks upon their asses, and wine bottles, old and rent and bound up." It was a skin "bottle"

AN EGYPTIAN SHADOOF.

of water that Abraham gave to Hagar, "putting it on her shoulder." Note also the curious expression in Job xxxviii. 37: "Who can stay the bottles of heaven?" that is, prevent the distended clouds bursting into rain.

In an arid climate, like that for much of the year of Egypt, Palestine and Syria, artificial irrigation is of course necessary for the cultivation of the soil. In Egypt this is to a large degree superseded by the wonderful provision of Nature, whereby the snows and rains of the far-off mountains of Abyssinia cause the annual flooding of the rainless Nile Valley 2,000 miles distant. Thus has been retained from the dawn of historic time, and even far beyond it, the marvellous fertility of that strip of land redeemed from the desert by the overflowing of the Nile. The terrible visitation of the plague of hail must have produced the greatest awe and consternation among the inhabitants of Memphis and Thebes from its unprecedented character.

The artificial Lake of Fayoom, in Egypt, is attributed to one of the Pharaohs who lived about the time of Joseph. Its existence would, doubtless, have prevented the terrible seven years of famine, and it was probably constructed to prevent a recurrence of that dreadful fate, just as the late Khedive and the British Government have constructed modern dams and reservoirs for the better irrigation of the country. The ancient canal which admits the waters of the Nile into the Lake of Fayoom is called by the natives to this day "Bar Yusef"—"The water of Joseph." During the inundation of the country the villages which rise like islands in this inland sea are connected by narrow causeways or dykes. Between these lie pools of water, in which rice is scattered and is soon rooted in the rich ooze. It is probably to this custom that Solomon refers, "Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days."

In many parts, however, water must be raised from the river by a series of terraces on which are innumerable shadoofs, an arrangement

like a Canadian well-sweep, where a beam, weighted at one end, lifts to a height of about eight feet a large leather bucket filled with water. Bas-reliefs on ancient monuments show that this process obtained during the bondage of the Israelites in Egypt. Perhaps to this allusion is made in the prophecy of Balaam: "He shall pour the water out of his buckets," Numbers xxiv. 7.

So cheap is human labour in the Nile Valley that many thousands of these shadoofs line the river banks, and the half-naked fellaheen are seen toiling all day long beneath the sun, like bronze machines.

Where the land-owner can afford it a donkey, or ox, or camel is employed to turn a rude piece of mechanism, known as a sakkeiah. This is a wheel eight or nine feet in diameter over which passes an endless rope with earthen jars. The constant travelling in a circle of an ox or an ass causes the revolution of this wheel and the continuous elevation of jars of water. This rude machinery is never greased and its monotonous creaking is the dominant note in Egypt for a thousand miles of the Nile Valley. One of these sakkeiahs is described as 120 feet deep, and its water as cool, sweet and inexhaustible. Attempts have been made to employ windmills or steam-power, instead of the rude sakkeiahs, but as their machinery is apt to get out of order, and there is no means of repairing them, they have not been adopted to any extent.

Of course the fragile earthen jars, used in the sakkeiahs and at the fountains, often come to grief, which lends a point to the phrase in Ecclesiastes, "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern."

The water thus raised is conducted in devious channels through the ground to be irrigated, led around the roots of olive or orange trees and through the gardens of gourds and cucumbers, of leeks and onions,

EGYPTIAN SAKKEIAH.

which form a favourite food in the Orient. These well-watered gourds are very quick-growing and give point to the striking hyperbole in the story of Jonah of the gourd that grew up and withered in a night. The gourd-vine entered into the architectural details of Solomon's temple. "And the cedar of the house was carved with knobs" (in the margin *gourds*) "and open flowers" of the gourd-vine.

In guiding the flow of water into

A SAKKEIAH.

its appointed course the Eastern gardener will deftly open a little channel in the restraining bank of earth and close another. To this custom reference is made in the promise that the Israelites shall no longer dwell in a land, "as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs." To this custom is doubtless the allusion in Proverbs also, "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord as the rivers of water: he turneth it whithersoever he will."

Much of the legislation of ancient and modern Egypt has for its object the prevention and settlement of disputes about the use of the precious water. This is still the case in pastoral districts. "The herdmen of Gerar did strive with Isaac's herdmen, saying, The water is ours." Gen. xxvi. 20. And in Genesis xxi. 25: "And Abraham reproved Abimelech because of a well of water, which Abimelech's servants had violently taken away." The patriarch was obliged to separate from his nephew Lot on account of the disputes which arose about water among their herdsmen.

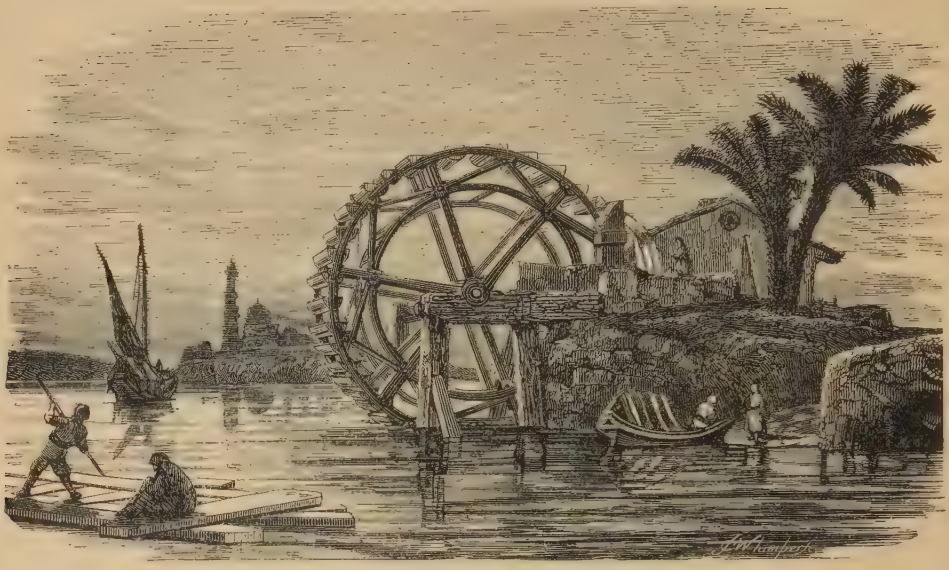
IRRIGATING MACHINE.

A still more economical method of irrigation was that adopted

WATERING WITH THE FOOT.

on the Orontes and other swift-flowing streams in Syria. A large wheel with boards or buckets like those of a mill-wheel is erected. The force of the stream raises the buckets which carries a large quantity of water to a considerable height. One such wheel is described as eighty or ninety feet in diameter. It is affirmed that no hydraulic machinery in the world will raise so much water at so slight expense. This is said to have been the kind of machine by which the waters of the Euphrates were carried to the "hanging gardens" of Babylon.

Water carried in leather bottles rises, under the burning sun, to nearly blood-heat and acquires often the taste of the leather or other impurities. "The occurrence of occasional springs in the desert helps," says Dr. Trumbull, "the thirsting traveller to realize that it is God's love which has 'turned the rock into a standing water, the flint into a fountain of waters'; Ps. cxiv. 8, which makes in 'the wilderness a



WATER-WHEEL ON THE ORONTES.

pool of water, and the dry land springs of water.'" Is. xli. 18.

"One can never," says Dr. Olin, "appreciate the inestimable value of pure, cool water, who has not felt the want of it in the desert. The eulogies pronounced on this most delicious of all beverages by the zealous advocates of temperance reform are well merited. A scanty supply creates fertility, and affords a luxury to the wayfaring man. A few palm-trees and shrubs, and a delicious grass-plot, flourish in the little oasis which is cooled and fertilized by the sparkling rill that soon disappears in the sand. Who, after ten days of almost incessant thirst, aggravated by tantalizing draughts from tepid, brackish springs, could resist the strong temptation of a full draught of cool, sweet, and tolerably clear water? Seldom in my life have I experienced so much pleasure from the gratification of the appetite."

Warburton on returning from the Dead Sea, came to the "Fountain Ain Hagla," which well deserves the name of "The Diamond of the Desert." "The costliest wine that ever sparkled over the thrilled palate of the epicure, never gave such pleasure to his eager lip as the first draught of that cold, shining water to our parched mouths. Even our escort forgot all fear of the hostile tribes, and we all—Frank and Arab—flung ourselves down by the brink of the fountain, under the shade of the green willows, and drank and bathed our beards, and drank again, until the sheik's entreaties prevailed and set us once more in motion."

The extraordinary fertility of the well-watered garden must be seen to be appreciated. Of this the orange groves and gardens around Jaffa, those in the "King's Dale" and Vale of Kedron, those on the rivers Abana and Pharpar of Damascus, are striking illustrations. The latter especially, with their plashing fountains and shady pavilions, are a memory of delight which goes far to explain the expression of Naaman, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"

Referring to the springs near Jerusalem, "There is a river," chants the Psalmist, "the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." Ps. xlvi. 4.

GROTTO OF THE NINE OLD MEN.

MOUNT OMEI.

BY THE REV. V. C. HART, D.D.,

Superintendent of Missions of the Methodist Church in China.

CHINESE TEMPLE.

WHATEVER the Chinese may be now, there was a time in their history when they were a most impressionable people. It is doubtful if they have outgrown to any considerable extent their childhood.

The exact sciences, which for half a century have cast their electric beams upon old accepted theories, legends and myths of Western lands, exposing to ridicule the superstitions and beliefs of our forefathers as foundationless in myriads of instances, have not as yet influenced, to any considerable extent, the land richest in mythological lore. There have not been in China any particularly Dark Ages; all the ages have been sombre and have brought forth their fair quota of superstitions.

To-day is as dark as, and no darker than, when Lao-Tsz and Kung-Tsz retouched their country's philosophies. Legends and myths are as fresh and crisp to the ordinary Chinaman as before the birth of science. The more marvellous our statements to them, the more ready of belief. Should our teachings be too plain and uncoloured our hearers know only too well how to embellish them. Nothing ever said will lose in their handling, except the truth.

I can see from my window, in the temple of Tsin-Yin, two of the sprightliest and purest torrents that ever leaped from mountain sides. They rush—not one hundred feet apart—through deep fern-clad canyons, and pour their foaming contents into a large pool at the foot of the limestone cape, not four hundred feet below. The canyons, not above five yards wide, are spanned by ancient stone arches. Upon the nar-

row neck of land is a celebrated tea-house, and at each end are stone tablets, recording events relative to this locality. One of the stones claims the building of the bridges to have been in the time of the Three Emperors, between 2852 and 2697 B.C. A book, claiming to be an illustrated history and guide-book to the sacred mountain of Omei, says they were built during the reign of Hsien-Yüen, 2697 B.C. Noah would then have been a middle-aged man.

This emperor is reputed to have done much to clothe and civilize the people. During one of his many journeys, he visited Omei, and came to this delightful spot, where, in 1894 A.D., a party of Canadian and American missionaries were summering. Then, 4591 years ago, the great man walked the eastern cliff, presumably, and finding he could not leap across the chasms, ordered bridges to be built. I am not quite sure that these are the identical bridges which the emperor of that hoary age ordered to be built. I like to put implicit trust in guide-books and sacred annals, but I fear archæologists would make short work with the myth.

The modern iconoclasts sap all of the romance out of ancient histories, trying to arrive at exact truth. Why should we try to discredit these harmless legends? They rise out of the misty past to relieve what would otherwise be a dreary waste. Thanks to the myth-makers, we can ill afford to part with their beautiful phantasms. This brings us to another legendary myth, which shall serve as a reason for requesting my friendly readers to ascend with me into the more secluded canyons and cliffs, nestling under the brow of the Giant, peerless and beautiful among sacred mountains.

The emperor continued his journey, and when he reached an altitude of about 8,000 feet, he met an old man at a cave's mouth, a recluse, who had sought this sheltered place for religious purposes. Upon inquiry, the emperor found there were nine very aged men living within the cave. It is supposed that the wonderful grotto, which up to that time was known as the Lo-Hen Grotto, became in later times the "Grotto of the Nine Old Men."

The insignificant period of 1600 years passes, when this far-famed cave becomes again the scene of religious conflict and victory. The stride represents all the mighty events from the Deluge to Solomon. In that age of conquest, before Rome had been thought of, an ascetic journeyed from South Bell Mountain, near Si-Ngan Foo, the capital of Shensi, to this sacred retreat, for the purpose of abstract meditation in seclusion from the world, and to hold direct contact with nature's recondite powers.

Here for forty years, we are told, he battled with cold and darkness, with a rock for his couch and a stone for his pillow. Shut out from the busy and wicked world, with a mighty mountain peak above his head and a deep chasm at the mouth of his den, this moral monarch suffered and died, and was apotheosized upon his death by the famous warrior and prime minister Kiang Tsz Kung, 1122 B.C. He also received by imperial appointment the title of Golden Dragon. His family name was Chao, and personal name Ang. For centuries the empire has accorded him the title of Tsài Shên —God of Wealth.

With these preliminary remarks I am prepared to relate what proved to be a most delightful trip. Our object in going was to visit the cave and see with our own eyes the marvels in natural scenery spoken of so enthusiastically by the priests of the temple. Whenever I referred to the locality the priests would brighten up, their usually dull eyes would snap, and would say, "Sen-têh-hao-kàn," — "They were born beautiful,"—referring to the moun-

tains. I cannot promise to give you any perfect description of the mountains, of the gorges, of the rock formations, of the forests, the temples, the golden gods, and the living inmates of these misty heights. Every step taken brings to the notice of an observant mind some object of interest. The butterflies by our shaded pathway are uncommonly large and brilliant, the kingfisher seems richer in hue than ordinarily, the colour upon rock and tree brighter than burnished silver.

COURTYARD OF INN, WESTERN CHINA.

It was early dawn when Dr. Hare and the writer donned our climbing outfit and stole into the great hall, and from the back door to the rocky shoulder, at the end of the temple, where a precipitous descent of a couple of hundred feet landed us by the side of the sparkling little river. The priests were already up and preparing themselves by ablutions for early worship. The stream was greatly swollen by recent rains, and our fording-places were now well covered with swift swirling water. The air was chilly and the water more so; but one course only was open to us, to bare our feet, roll up our trousers as high as possible, and leap from rock to rock. After the first shock we did not mind the water so much as the sharp pebbles and grits in the bed of the stream and on the banks, which we traversed in this fashion, supported by strong staves, for half a mile. At this point the wide and cultivable gorge narrows to fifteen feet in width, and the rocks on either side rise almost perpendicularly to the height of five hundred feet. It is called by the priests Black Dragon Grotto, more properly, river, and is celebrated as a natural curiosity. A bridge of slabs, laid upon shaky poles, spans the chasm for three hundred feet in length, when the canyon ends as abruptly as it begins.

Leaving this dark and sinuous grotto, which had become dear to us during the preceding hot days, as

a cool retreat from sun and glare, we ascended rapidly to a uniquely covered bridge (we had slipped on our straw sandals ere this, where the Indian cornfields cease and forests clothe the mountain-sides down to the little stream. The corn-fields had been shorn of their golden ears, and the grain carried to safe cribs by the women and children. All was quiet as night, save the faint echoes of a woodman's strokes in the thick jungle above us. I could not but query how this wealth of natural glory, about and above us, seemed to those long-ago mystics, who trod this same road, and looked upon the same towering heights that were now bathed in floods of sunlight.

The air by the stream was deliciously cool, and the spray hung in crystal beads from myriad shrubs and vines that grew in tangled masses over its sides. The beautiful became more beautiful at every step, and as we stood upon an ancient bridge, at the foot of Hung Chun Pin, we could see a cascade tumble from a high, shelving rock below us, the lofty cones far above us, and a mammoth archway pushing its curious corners into the sunlight at the foot of a most famous monastery. We found the climb to the monastery rather severe, and the seats for pilgrims, in the broad archway, were more inviting than usual.

The abbots, rather proprietors, of these temples are sharp fellows, and combine a good deal of business with a little religious asceticism. The temples are fitted for hotels in summer, and during the season do a thriving business. Pilgrims come from all parts of the Empire, and strive, if their money holds out, to visit every temple and shrine to make offerings. The sharp proprietors prey upon them most unmercifully, charging them two prices for everything furnished, and everything can be had to gladden the heart of a jaded climber, from the Kwan-Jin-Cha — goddess of Mercy tea (wine), to Ya-Pien-Jin (opium), the first, at least, strictly prohibited by their rules.

I have noticed that nearly all of the pilgrims carry opium outfits with them, and upon entering a temple for lodging the first thing done, after perfunctorily bowing to the gods, is to betake themselves to their couches and opium pipes. A half-hour or more is thus consumed, when they stagger out to supper. After careful observation of pilgrims coming and going, for a month, it is our opinion that eight-tenths of them are opium smokers. Every gentleman tries to excel in the beauty and costliness of his outfit, and thinks no more of lying down to a smoke than we would of drinking a glass of gingerade.

You will be amazed when I say some of the best pipes cost anywhere from twenty to a hundred dollars, but such is the case. There is enough capital invested in opium outfits alone to build railroads to every provincial capital in the empire. Every bank that I have visited in Chentu has a divan especially devoted to the pipes and the drug. A guest rises from the table, lays aside his chop-sticks, reclines upon the divan, smokes for a few moments, rises and takes his place at the table, drinks and carouses for a time, while others fill the room with the sickening fumes. This goes on in the most public part of the bank. Many of these men are still young, but so frail as to be incapacitated for any systematic earnest work.

A few moments' walking brought us to the great doors of the temple, which remain open from early morn to dusk. We had visited this temple on a previous occasion, but the priests were too much engaged in chanting certain litanies to pay us any attention. To-day they were off duty, and gave us unnecessary attention, still not obstrusive. The temple is rich in bronze images of early date and well preserved.

It was now past seven o'clock; the August sun was shining with great warmth, and we were glad to loiter for a short time in the cool, capacious rooms Blessings upon the priests who cut the mountain paths around the sides of umbrageous cliffs, and have allowed the forests to creep down to the path's very side. Our road was very well paved, and not too precipitous to allow of opportunity to admire all the beauty around us. As we ascended, the rays. Out of this natural wonder we wended our way, around a buttressed corner, over a crevasse, hugged the sides of a grand centre dome, down by a lone mat house, deserted and falling to pieces, into the open once more. Down at our feet leaped the little river, which was spanned by a beautiful stone bridge. Far on the heights, upon a rugged shoulder of the loftiest sentinel, was perched a lone hut, and we could see our path running in

AVENUE TO CHINESE TEMPLE.

solemn sentinel-cliffs guarding either side of the gorge opened out their multiform glories. The forests crept near to their very tops. From caverns and fissures burst forth cool streams that glided in ever increasing tumult over ledges and boulders to the roaring torrent in the centre of the gorge.

We were now in an ampitheatre of magnificent proportions, whose walls rose grandly into the sky, completely shutting out the sun's sharp angles up the dome to the hut. This was our hardest bit of climbing, and we were glad to scale the last ladder and stand upon the shoulder, from which we caught the most soul-inspiring views of the whole journey. Northward, over crags, canyons, and ever-widening gorges, we could see the plain of Omei, its queenly river, and, thirty miles beyond, the great river and mountains upon the horizon.

We were now more than six thou-

sand feet above the plain, and the atmosphere had become quite cool. The proprietor of the hut, or rather restaurant, regaled us with some kind of black liquid which he called tea. Another hour's climb was before us, and not a hard one, as our way skirted, for the most part, the rim of a circular chasm.

Monkeys abound in the spurs at this height, and have a glorious life climbing the great trees which rise, tier upon tier, to the highest tips. The chill mists were now but a few feet above our heads, and ere we reached our destination we were perfectly enveloped in fog.

A sudden turn in the road brought us plump in front of the celebrated monastery of Kin-Lao-Tung. Whatever defects the early Buddhist priests possessed, their bump of location was not defective. Here, as everywhere in China and Japan, they managed to find the most romantic retreats. The priests were busy looking after the reconstruction of a long wing to the main temple, which had been burned. The roofing was of several layers of boards capped with iron tiles. The main entrance to the temple was once very fine, and the great baldachin, just behind, was elaborately carved and gilded, and in it one of the finest images of the God of Riches that I have seen.

The monks tendered us a hearty reception, and assigned us a room in the main building adjoining the great hall, which was well filled with idols. The abbot had travelled extensively, visiting in his travels Shanghai and Pekin. He had brought back with him such things as most Chinese just now delight to parade, a clock and a lamp of foreign manufacture. Shanghai, its streets, foreign houses, cathedral and shops, formed a rich theme for him to descant upon. It is no unusual thing to meet priests making the rounds of the sacred mountains. Time is of no account, and two or three years spent in trudging over the land is an oasis in their desert life. Nuns, too, make extended tours, lodge in any of the temples, and seem happy in such erratic departures from the orthodox rules.

Upon request a sleepy young priest led the way to our room. It was long, dark and dreary, with half a dozen not very inviting beds. There were two large *hopâns* in the room; we had a good fire of charcoal put on, and with a change from light to heavy clothing were soon comfortable. After lunch we were ready to inspect our surroundings and make a journey to the famous cave.

There was a fine walk in front of the great idols near us. The great hall was full of valuable images, mostly of bronze, and of great size; besides there were bells and drums of all sizes and quality. A few notices were posted upon the outer pillars, and one in different parts of the temple grounds, cautioning pilgrims against fire. "Have a care to your torches; the mountain wind is great." "Do not cry or spit before Buddha."

We bargained with a ragged monk for tapers, and for his valuable services as guide to the cave. To his twenty tapers he added a bundle of incense to propitiate the god. For 1,500 years at least the cave has been a Mecca for untold millions. We went through a lovely forest, by an ancient tomb of great interest, and down a well-hewn road enrailed with limbs of trees thrust into holes in stone posts. Upon our right was a huge perpendicular rock, which might be, for all we could see, a thousand feet high, for the mist was thick upon us. To our left the fog covered all downward view. The care taken to protect from any possible fall aided our imagination in creating a vast gulf ready to swallow up all pilgrims journeying to the god of Mammon.

We found the *real* cave guarded

by a vestibule of towering rock. It was light, and an idol with incense was burning near the cave's mouth, and a large basin of water was in the centre. Our guide commanded us to wash our hands before entering the subterraneous chambers, a custom which all sincere worshippers follow. Observing that we did not take kindly to his advice, he washed for us, and we thought he needed the application.

He now lighted the tapers and led the way. We found the floor of the cave dry throughout, and the air not unpleasant. On either side of the walls of the cave were heaps of incense in every condition, from fine ashes to mouldy sticks, and freshly lighted ones. Ashes upon ashes, three feet in height, representing the offerings of millions of devotees through hundreds of years. From the crannies in the roof of the cavern innumerable bats and swallows glided and circled and recircled about our lights. There was not the sound of a drip of water, and save the rustle of wings all was silent as a tomb.

The cave gradually descends, and about four hundred feet from its entrance it terminates in a lofty chamber, in the centre of which is a large shrine containing a good image of the God of Riches. Here, in a recess at the extreme end, is a broad stone couch hewn from the solid rock, and a stone pillow of ample dimensions. Both looked as though they had seen long service. The priest seemed impatient at our motions, and must have considered us the most infidel wretches he had ever conducted to this *sanctum sanctorum*. He motioned toward the god and exhorted us to worship and make a money offering, but finding us obdurate he put up the customary number of incense sticks and then expatiated about the couch and pillow.

Here we stood in the real presence (no doubt of it of course), of the veritable bed where Chao Ang, 1,100 B.C., stretched his weary limbs, the real pillow where he indented his head.

Three thousand years is not an insignificant period, it covers nearly all of the real history of the race. As we gazed upon these objects, which must have became very dear to the old hero, a flood of impressions rose in our minds, and the place began to seem more than an ordinary cavern, and the shrine instinct with some mysterious influences not felt in ordinary temples.

Where are the millions that have come from all parts of the Empire, and possibly some from India, stood and adored, and touched with reverent hands couch and pillow?

The incense piles above mentioned give evidence of the throngs of earnest souls that have come to trick the deity to bestow upon them a fair share of earth's blessings.

The light-hearted pilgrims through the ages, such as troop hither to-day, have long ceased to need the god's wonderful efficacy, but the living, not knowing the place of true riches, still crowd the stairs in merry throngs, with hopes of favourable responses to their prayers. Farewell, cavern, shrine, couch and pillow, bats and birds, darkness and god of Mammon. A breath of pure air, a sight of trees and flowers, is worth all your gloom and religious solitude.

CHENTU, China.

God be thanked that the dead have left still
Good undone for the living to do—
Still some aim for the heart and the will
And the soul of a man to pursue.

—*Owen Meredith.*

REV. DONALD G. SUTHERLAND, LL.B., D.D.

A LIVING EPISTLE.

*A MEMORIAL OF THE REV. DONALD G. SUTHERLAND, LL.B., D.D.**

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.,

Chancellor of Victoria University.

"Ye are our epistle, written in our hearts, known and read of all men: being made manifest that ye are an epistle of Christ, ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in tables that are hearts of flesh." —2 Cor. iii. 2–3.

In this beautiful conception of St. Paul every human life is a book and all the world are its readers. The pen is the mysterious power which fashions human life and character. The story is the man himself in his real character, and death seals the book and makes its story complete. Such a book of life is sometimes a tragedy, melting us to tears; sometimes a triumphant song of victory, filling us with gladness; sometimes a strange mystery, dark and perplexing; sometimes a perfect demonstration of God's law and order of right.

It is our privilege to read together one of those rare poems of life in which grace and goodness, moral strength and spiritual beauty combine their lights and shades, to give us a picture of what God can build up from our poor humanity.

In such a book we find the presence of the ministering servants through whom God wrought the record, of the Divine Spirit, the moulding power, and of that wonderful material—a human heart, responsive at once to the mighty touch of God within and the ministering touch of man without, until it stands before us finished as a perfect epistle of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Donald George Sutherland was born in Toronto, April, 1839, the child of godly parents, who were God's first ministers to mould his life. His father was a son of the Orkneys—a man of the sea, one of a people of the sea, marked by all those strong contrasts of character which distinguished those who live in the free, strong air of the ocean, in touch with nature and with nature's God in their most wonderful revelations. Brave and strong, tender and loving, stern and severe in his purity, simple and childlike in his faith, such was the testimony of one who knew him well of Capt. Sutherland as he sailed our lakes forty and fifty years ago.

His mother was a daughter of that cradle of English liberty, the Royal City of Lincoln, the land where the Saxons made their last stand, and where the Puritans first marshalled their forces, each for his rights and his conscience. Out of the south of that great fenny plain came in the seventeenth century a Cromwell, with his deep religious faith, his stern morals, and his mighty will for leadership. Out of its north, in the eighteenth century, came a Wesley, with a faith in God equally profound, with moral ideals equally pure, and with a power of leadership which organized and attracted men rather by love than by force of will. Out of the same land in our own century came Alfred Tennyson, with the same deep religious faith which the philosophy of a materialistic and sceptical eye could not extinguish, and whose moral nature was alike sensitive to all that is beautiful in human character and to that wonderful imagery of nature

* A sermon preached at the Central Methodist Church, Toronto, March 24th, 1895.

by which it may be expressed. And out of this same land came the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, a whole race strong in the same prominent qualities of which these three men of a century were pre eminent examples.

I can well remember the Mrs. Sutherland of thirty years ago as she moved out and in from her beautiful home and in the church of God, the widow chastened by the sore afflictions of ten preceding years, quiet, dignified in manner, yet full of a cheerful sympathy which forgot her own sorrows in helping others; a woman of intelligence and good sense, of true refinement of character, and whose whole life was governed by a sense of duty and by religious faith. It is said that the mother makes the boy, and emphatically true are the words in the history before us. With the father separated from home by his calling for many months of the year, all the responsibilities of the household fell to her and called out the hidden strength of her quiet nature. The family altar was always maintained. The children were diligently taught the Word of God. A father's as well as a mother's prayers watered the seed, and her little household of three boys and one girl grew up around her sprightly with all the buoyancy of youth, full of the gladness of young life, comely to look upon, tenderly loving each other, and with the fear of God and deep moral convictions in their hearts.

By this time their home was removed to Hamilton, and they were now planted in the old MacNab St. Methodist Church, surrounded by Methodists of the olden type, who believed not in the natural goodness or universal hereditary regeneration of children, but in conversion, repentance toward God, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in a clearly marked work of divine grace as the foundation of the Christian life. The class-meeting was still the test of membership, the penitent bench was the way to a clear sense of sins forgiven, you could not be admitted to love-feast without a ticket, or a note. Everything pointed to strong, clear definition in the great concerns of religion and religious life. The advantage of all this was that it made men decided in their religious life. The ancient admonition of the Master, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," was called into practice. It was not so easy to flesh and blood to take up the cross and go forward before the whole world and humbly kneel at the altar to be prayed for as a sinner.

When Donald G. Sutherland was fourteen years of age the eminent revivalist, James Caughey, visited Hamilton. The Spirit of God took hold of the hearts of the young people. Hundreds gave their hearts and lives to Christ. His little sister, the youngest of the home, was among the number of happy converts. In his own heart, as he acknowledged years after, when God finally subdued his strong will by sore chastening, there was a mighty struggle. But one thing stood in the way. He had even then heard an inward voice saying, "Go preach My Gospel." But his boyish ambition had already pictured for himself another career, leading to wealth and worldly honour. He could not and he did not yield.

In that same year another lad of the same age, and afterwards his class-mate at college and companion in the work of the ministry, was a hundred miles away fighting the same battle. He had not yet seen the glitter of the great city world, with its wealth and its social distinctions, and to him it was easy to say, "I go, Lord," and to receive the divine peace in his heart. And as with these two lads of more than forty years ago, so is it to-day. That Divine Spirit is still calling, and to-day some boy is hearing it like Samuel of old, and settling the great

problem of life. But our young brother was to struggle with his problem still many years before the answer came.

The next year found him at college, and there we first met as classmates. His picture has always lingered with me as I first saw him. The rich, curling brown locks, the fine intellectual forehead, the pure, clear complexion, the bright but kindly eye, with a twinkle of fun in it which won the confidence and hearts of all the boys, are all before me to-day and before the mind's eye of others in this church as fresh as forty-one years ago. As we sat down to the pages of Sallust, under the guidance of the saintly Wilson, or explored the mysteries of geometry, under the keen mathematical eye of the severely faithful Kingston, Donald soon proved himself a match for the best metal in his class, and from that day forward his scholarship gave him a place in the first class.

Entrance upon college for a lad of fifteen is always the beginning of a new life. And the conditions of his life at college were not unfavourable. He found a home with a venerable and saintly couple, whose house in Cobourg was long the home of college boys, and who, in their own lengthened Christian lives, could bridge the days from John Wesley to our own time—who had seen Brock at Queenston and Tecumseh at Moraviantown, and all the hard pioneer life of early Canada, and even Wellington in his triumphal entry after Waterloo, and who, in sunny old age, after long years in the Methodist itinerancy, opened their Christian home for college boys away from mothers' care.

The spiritual tone of the college life at that time, too, was good. The power which had wrought such wonders in Toronto and Hamilton, under the ministry of Caughey, had reached Cobourg, as the choicest of the young converts repaired to college to fit themselves for the work of the ministry. In the preceding year almost every student had been converted, and although some endured but for a little while they still felt the influence of the new spirit. The staff, too, though small, was of choice men, men strong in moral and religious character and in keen intellectual power. Nelles, Beatty, Kingston, Wilson and Campbell were men to leave their impress on right-minded and keen-minded boys, and to command their respect and enduring esteem.

But while these influences were safe and helpful they did not settle the great life question. Out of the two hundred students then at college only a score were looking to the ministry. The law was just then the opening field for ambitious young men—Dean, the Kerrs, Britton, Bull, Smith, Wood, Bain, Fletcher, Lazier, Beynon, Holden, with many others who came later on, were aspiring to that field.

Although the Spirit still called, the surroundings were not such as to change the intended career, and the answer still was, "Go thy way for this time." Then God began to speak in another way. At the end of the third year at college the first sudden blow fell. It was a blow that sent a thrill of horror through all the land. As the news flashed over the wires that on the twelfth of March, 1857, the evening train from Toronto had gone through the Desjardins bridge, and that the passengers filling two cars had perished in the icy waters, a wail went up from desolate homes all over the country, and among these victims was the honoured Captain Sutherland. The next day his sympathizing companions accompanied the broken-hearted boy to the train to take his lonely journey to a sad home.

The next year was one continued dispensation of Providence speaking in tones of fatherly chastening. A beloved brother sickened and died.

He himself lay for weeks uncertain of life, and when, twelve months after, he returned to college it was with a long and painful experience of the sorrows of human life. Looking back over this time he says, "Surely God has a work for me to do when He took such pains to save me." But still his will held out and the old ambitions of life were retained. In 1859 he graduated from college and at once entered on the study of law, completing his course in 1862.

Meantime, the great moral struggle within had grown desperate. The die seemed cast for evil. He says of himself: "I would not be a hypocrite. I would not mock God. And I gave up even the form of prayer." But other prayers had taken hold of the throne and of his heart as well, and though in his desperation he wished to give up God, God would not give him up, and this very darkest hour, in which even the form of prayer was abandoned, was just before the dawn. God put a loving hand upon his heart and awakened that which ever after was the true strength of his nature. He was led by this influence to the fellowship-meeting, and there by what he calls the testimony of two of God's little ones, conviction was fastened on him that religion was a reality. How little do we know the power of a single faithful testimony for Christ. Two timid young Christians gave their testimony for Christ. Like a trembling light from a window shining out over a dark and stormy sea of utter despair, it reached the almost sinking bark of this young man, and in a few short months guided him into the quiet haven of God's love.

The Sabbath preaching of the Rev. Dr. Douglas now began to take hold of him. He saw clearly that the service of God was a nobler, worthier life than the pleasures of sin. At the Covenant Service, January 1st, 1862, he deliberately consecrated his heart and life to the service of God. On the next Sabbath morning, after a week of seeking for God, he went to class, and there, while the Rev. George Goodson led in prayer on his behalf, the burden was lifted and his soul was filled with the love of God.

But still the question: "What shall I do with my life?" was not yet settled. His life was indeed given to God, but the Spirit had not again pressed the call to preach, God was waiting to show him yet greater things. He completed his course and entered upon his practice with every prospect of success. Social standing, influential friends, a clear field, all seemed to make the chances of life in his favour. But there are no chances in God's Book of Life. These were but delusive lights which might once more have led a noble life astray, and so again God must speak, and now to an obedient heart.

Just as these seeming prospects were opening, again in a moment, as six years before, the blow fell, and the one who was to share his life, and who had so gently led him to Christ, was taken in a few short hours. Thus the alluring but misleading lights of the world were all quenched in darkness. Wealth and position had no more attractions, and the empty and sorrowful, but now submissive and consecrated spirit, was able to hear and obey the voice which now said again, "Go work in my vineyard." The sanctifying work of the Spirit had now been accomplished, and at last out of fiery tribulation there had come a vessel beautiful with heavenly graces and meet for the Master's use.

After eighteen months, in which he transferred his business to a young friend, in whose hands it has grown to be one of the most lucrative in this country, and during which he largely occupied himself as a local preacher in practical preparation for his new work, in 1864 he entered the ministry on

the Milton Circuit, under the superintendence of the Rev. J. E. Betts. He was now twenty-five years of age, but the five years since his college graduation had not been lost. All his work had been thoroughly done. He had not only passed his professional course but a university course in law as well. He had even gone to New York to study commercial methods in the greatest centre of American commerce, that so he might more perfectly master commercial law. But while this thorough knowledge of a profession was not to be directly used, he from it brought to his new and life-long calling a trained mind, habits of intellectual work, business methods and sympathies with men in the work of every-day life, which served him in good stead ever after.

But while the reviewer of his life to-day may see the Guiding Hand in all this, and may take note of it as one of the steps by which he was fitted for a career of eminent usefulness, it is pleasing to note the humility and self-abnegation of his own interior view. At this date we find in his diary these words: "I write it down for future remembrance that I do not enter into the sacred office of the ministry from any hope of any gain, or office, or preferment, or dignity, or ease, but simply under the constraining sense of duty. God knows that it has not been without many a sharp conflict with self, and the warfare, I fear, is not yet finished." Duty, not ambition, was now the watchword of his life. It would be impossible to follow him through the minute history of thirty-one years of ministerial work. We can only note the methods, the culminating points, and the lessons of his work.

He had now before him the entire studies of his new calling. With the same zeal, energy, and high aim which he had previously given to his former calling he now approached this. He filled out his full four years of probation, passed the examinations prescribed by the courts of the Church, but not satisfied with this he added to his previous knowledge of Greek the mastery of the Hebrew language, and by a thorough course of exegetical study, completed the work for the university degree of B.D. In after years, as Conference examiner in Divinity, as a university examiner in Hebrew, as an editor of our *Quarterly Review*, or as presiding officer in Church courts, where theological discussions were frequently in order, he always took a high place as a scholarly and accurate theologian.

His style of pulpit preparation was equally thorough. He had not that bad facility of using words without definite ideas, which is the unfortunate characteristic of some public speakers. In fact we often find him complaining of his lack of facility in public speaking. But this initial embarrassment soon became the spur which led to a higher excellence, that of sermons rich in well considered, clearly expressed truth. He learned not to deal in ornate language, but to get directly at truth in its own spiritual beauty and power, and through well chosen words to let it speak for itself to the hearts of his hearers.

Notwithstanding this chastened directness of his style, his sermons were far from being devoid of either sympathy or beauty. But it was the sympathy and beauty not of mere fine phrases, but of his own chastened and beautiful character. Now it was that all the spiritual riches which, unknown to himself, God had been pouring into his heart for future use in service spoke out. The character inherited from a pious and deep-hearted ancestry; the sympathies evoked by a mother's magic power; the pure, deep fountains of soul opened by the shafts of sorrow; the strong moral conceptions of right and wrong made definite and accur-

ate in their discrimination by years of legal training; and, above all, the clearly marked lines of his own religious experience, his long resistance, his deep convictions, his definite submission, his clear conversion, all these now poured their ripened fruitage into his pulpit work and made his sermons instructive, edifying, helpful to his people. His sermons were like his life, full of the quiet, blessed, springtime beauty of true goodness.

But the pulpit was far from being his only sphere of influence. He had the most comprehensive views of the office and work of the ministry. To preach the Gospel was indeed a noble, perhaps the noblest, part. But to watch over the flock, to teach, to comfort, to advise, to be himself, in all things, an ensample to the flock, this, too, was part of the ideal of his duty to which he was always faithful. And he was a Methodist, trained up in a Church which has furnished some of the finest types which Canadian Methodism has yet produced. As such he fully appreciated the methods of Methodist work. The prayer-meeting, the class-meeting, the fellowship-meeting, the Sunday-school were all part of his working order, and in them all he stood before the Church and the world as the faithful, modest, refined, intelligent, conscientious servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, ever with kindly sympathy watching for souls.

In 1872 God gave him a companion in this work, of whom we must not speak to-day, except to say that in all his work she had the full share which a faithful wife can claim, and that together they rejoiced in the success of God's work in their hands. Gananoque, Simcoe, Clinton, St. Thomas, London, Toronto, Hamilton, and, last, the Central Church, Toronto, were the fields of their united labour. And in every charge the Church was left in peace and prosperity, with enlarged numbers, with strengthened finances, except perhaps in one case where circumstances were at work which no pastoral fidelity could permanently counteract.

The very list and order of his appointments shows that to the last his pastoral work was increasingly successful, and that, not by any eccentric brilliancy, but by the rarely balanced combination of various gifts of power with which God had endued him for his work. He loved his people, he gave himself to them. The best that was in him was faithfully offered, and in the last painful months of affliction one thing seemed his chief burden; that was, that he could no longer work. His separation from them only seemed to make his people dearer to him. We all noted how, when worn and feeble from the inroads of steadily progressing disease, he still found his way to the sanctuary and tried to take some little part in the service; and few of us will ever forget that last Sabbath morning when, pleading in prayer for the life of his little daughter, his strength and voice failed and he returned to us no more.

But my reading of this book of life would be imperfect if I neglected to turn the page which tells of his work in the general courts of our Church. For such work his early training had given him peculiar advantages, and in 1878, when yet but of fourteen years' ministerial standing, he was elected to the General Conference, and was a member of each General Conference since, up to the last, when he was already laid aside by broken health. In the Conference the quiet work of the committee-room was that specially suited to his taste, and we find him working out the problems of education, of the Discipline, and especially at the Union, the difficult problem of the readjustment of the united work. In 1892 he was placed in the chair of the Niagara Conference and accomplished most

important work in the adjustment of difficulties which seriously threatened the peace of the Connexion. In 1879 he was placed in the Senate of our University by the suffrages of his fellow-graduates, and filled that honourable position with great usefulness and ability up to his decease.

Yet another page, which belongs to the sacred inner life of home. Few men were as well fitted either to enjoy or to make a happy home as he. In his early life the vision of this was interwoven with all his young ambitions and plans for the future. But God made the vision to pass within the veil, that his chosen servant might see, without distraction, the pathway which God had marked out for him. Ten years later God gave him a home that satisfied his love of the beautiful, and was a resting-place of comfort in all the toil of life. And the memory of that home to-day is, that never was an unkind, or passionate, or grievous word spoken to wife or child. He stood in that home honoured, revered, loved by all, the husband, the bond and centre of the house, to whom all hearts were drawn in the fondest affection, and in return home brought no seeds of sorrow to him. Some little plants were transplanted to the skies, and the rest grew in beauty and goodness to bless his life and cheer his heart.

And now this book of life is closed and death hath fixed the seal. "And how doth Death speak of our beloved?"

The rain that falls upon the height,
Too gently to be called delight,
In the dark valley reappears
As a wild cataract of tears;
And love in life should strive to see,
Sometimes what love in death would be.

How doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low;
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

It clothes their every gift and grace
With radiance from the holiest place,—
With light as from an angel's face;
Recalling, with resistless force,
And tracing to the hidden source,
Deeds hardly noticed in their course.

This little, loving, fond device;
That daily act of sacrifice,
Of which, too late, we learn the price!

Opening our weeping eyes, to trace,
Simple, unnoticed kindnesses,
Forgotten tones of tenderness,

Which, evermore, to us must be
Sacred as hymns in infancy,
Learned listening at a mother's knee.

Thus doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low;
Then let Love antedate the work of death,
And speak thus now!

How doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low;
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

It sweeps their faults with heavy hand,
As sweeps the sea the trampled sand,
Till scarce the faintest print be scanned.

It shows how such a vexing deed
Was but a generous nature's need;
Or some choice virtue run to seed.

How that small fretting fretfulness
Was but love's over-anxiousness,
Which had not been, had love been less.

This failing, at which we repined,
But the dim shade of day declined,
Which should have made us doubly kind.

Thus doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low;
Then let Love antedate the work of death,
And speak thus now!

How doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low;
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

It takes each failing on our part,
And brands it in upon our heart,
With caustic power and cruel art.

The small neglect that may have pained
A giant's stature shall have gained,
When it can never be explained!

The little service which had proved
How tenderly we watched and loved,
And those mute lips to glad smiles moved!

The little gift from out our store,
Which might have cheered some cheerless hour,
When they with earth's poor needs were poor,
But never will be needed more!

It shows our faults like fires at night;
It sweeps their failings out of sight:
It clothes their good in heavenly light.

Oh, Christ, our Life, foredate the work of death ;
And do this now !
Thou, who art Love, thus hallow our beloved,—
Not Death, but Thou ! *

But as death thus gently and lovingly closes and seals the epistle on earth, our thoughts and our faith strive to follow him where he is to-day. And like John in Patmos, we too hear a voice from heaven saying unto us, "Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth ; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; for their works follow with them."

He is at rest from labour; and what to one like him, after all, was the labour of life? Not the mere weariness of body. Perhaps of this he felt less than most men, at least until the last long illness. Even then he had strength to endure as a good soldier. But the burden which he carried was ever the burden of the Spirit, the anxious care of the heart for the church of his charge, and for the work of God. Even when his body was racked with pain this would ever come uppermost, and was much more frequently the topic of his conversation. It is part of the discipline of life that here we should see through a glass darkly ; that like the soldier on the field of battle we should obey orders and leave the results to a higher power. To-day he stands not amid the conflict and dust of earth, but in the clear upper light of God's presence, where all things are plain. The future and the blessed reward of this beloved and kind-hearted congregation ; the future and divine leading of his wife and children ; the future and interests of the Church of God in all its work, which lay so near to his heart, all these are now plain to him in the upper light of the heavenly sanctuary, and his soul is filled forever with the peace of perfect rest. Heaven is rich with the fulness of this wonderful satisfaction only to those who, like the Master Himself, with great, broad, open heart, have taken home to themselves all the burden of the world's woes and sorrows, and have carried it faithfully till God said, Enter into my rest.

But heaven is more than rest. It is more than even the most perfect satisfaction of all that our hearts have desired and our faith struggled after here. It is more than the vision of God's perfect end of all our burdens here. It is more than the unravelling of all the mysteries of life, "Their works do follow with them." Not simply after them long ages hence, but with them now. Oh, the wonder of that mystery of eternity into which he has now entered. Not slowly waiting and moving like the weary wheels of time, but one day as a thousand years in fulness, and a thousand years as one day in its rapid flight. Already he takes in all the far-reaching consequences, the fruits of life's work.

The work of life, how little it seems here. How very, very small a place any one of us can make in the world's history. We think at the time that our work is great, and it looms up till it fills all our little vision, and we praise ourselves as doers of great things. But we pass, and the waves of time's great tide flow over our footprints, and in the first generation they are almost obliterated. But not so in God's book. In eternity there is no covering of forgetfulness, no gathering darkness of the rolling years, but past, present and future stand forth in the infinite brightness of an eternal day. Ourselves and our record are with us forever. Thank God for such a record as our brother has made. It is with him a fountain of blessing to-day.

Oh wonderful problem of life and destiny! With fear and trembling we face it. God help us to live aright.

* *By the Author of "The Three Wakings."*

BISHOP HEBER, SCHOLAR AND MISSIONARY.

BY MRS. R. P. HOPPER.

"Earnestness alone makes life eternity."—*Carlyle.*

Reginald Heber was born in a quiet country rectory in the vale of Cheshire, April 21st, 1783. The Hebers were people of descent and circumstance. In the reign of Elizabeth one Reginald Heber, an ancestor, had his arms "certified," which was an acknowledgment that his family had already a right to bear them.

Heredity is no mean factor in human existence. Descent, in a religious and educated line, is of incalculable advantage. A well-developed brain in one generation is almost sure to reproduce like faculties. The child born amid books, associated with cultured intellect, who has early learned to think, and has been placed in touch with the great minds of this and other ages, has received an impetus at the formative period that is equal to half a lifetime in the power he feels within himself to grasp all present mystery and understand all past history. No matter how democratic we may be, we must all admit that it is something to be born of gentle blood, where the body is not bent under heavy burdens, nor the mind remained undeveloped for lack of time and means to foster its capabilities. Reginald Heber had all these advantages. The pious atmosphere of his home was such that his earliest thought was of the goodness, the justice, the personality and the providence of a Heavenly Father, whose tender care was beyond a mother's love, and whose wisdom and power kept him every moment.

He seemed born with self-reliance, at the age of two, when it was considered necessary to open a vein, he refused to be held, saying, "I won't stir," and the plucky little fellow held out his arm for the operation.

At the age of five he studied the Scriptures with avidity; his father and a friend disputing one day as to where a certain passage was found, referred to Reginald, who had entered the room, when he immediately named the book and chapter. At six years of age, during an illness, he begged to be allowed his Latin Grammar, as it helped to pass the time away. At seven years of age some boys in fun asked him that old-fashioned riddle that has come stalking down the ages, "Where was Moses when his candle went out," and Reginald answered promptly, "On Mount Nebo, for there he died, and it might well be said his lamp of life went out."

His thirst for knowledge began early and never left him. His brother Richard, who directed his studies, said, "Reginald was not content to read books, he devoured them." He was generous to a degree. When he left home for school for the half-year, his parents were compelled to sew his bank notes that were for his pocket-money inside his coat lining to prevent his giving it all away to the poor or any mendicant he might meet on the road. The sufferings of others were his, and he never wearied of projecting schemes for the alleviation of distress.

After leaving Hawkhurst school he was sent to a private tutor near London, and matriculated in 1800 at Brasenose College, Oxford. History, literature, and especially ballad literature, appealed to him with

peculiar emphasis. He wrote excellent prose, but it was in the direction of poetry that as a boy and man his own ambitions travelled.

In 1803 he won the Newdegate prize for poetry; the theme was Palestine. He was just twenty years of age. It is said that one of the most familiar passages in the poem is owing to a suggestion of Sir Walter Scott. Scott was breakfasting with Heber, and on hearing the manuscript read, Scott said, "You have omitted one striking circumstance in your account of the building of the temple—that no tools were used in its erection." Heber went to another part of the room and in a few minutes returned with the well-known lines,

> "No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;
> Like some tall palm, the mystic fabric sprung."

The poem was the most successful and popular piece of religious verse of the first half of the century.

His university career was splendid to its close. Some men enter the schools obscure and come out bright, others enter bright and come out obscure, but Reginald Heber was a star whose lustre was as steady as it was clear. Methodical habits, early training, a well-balanced mind, stored with Biblical and historical truth, had matured a naturally vigorous intellect in advance of his years, and gave him a precedence over his fellow pupils in school and college.

In July, 1805, just three months before Nelson fought and won the battle of Trafalgar, while Europe was in a ferment of war, Reginald Heber and John Thornton, his own familiar life-long friend, started out for a prolonged European tour. Pitt had formed the third coalition of all the powers against France for the overthrow of Napoleon. Four hundred thousand volunteers were being drilled into efficiency for the defence of England, and the state of unrest on the Continent prevented the young graduates from travelling through the Netherlands, up the Rhine, or penetrating to Switzerland; so it came about that Sweden, Norway, Finland and Russia formed the main route, and the way of return was to be decided by the course of events.

They were plentifully supplied with credentials and letters of introduction to persons of importance and influence. Europe was in the crucible of war; Napoleon fanned the flames to a white heat. Heber was one of the last of cultivated Englishmen to visit Moscow and leave a literary account of this ancient capital of Muscovy before the armies of Napoleon entered its gates, and the stoical Russians, as alike their best defence and attack, burnt their city to the ground. Napoleon's *grand armeé,* which in its advance was called the "Storm of Nations," suffered so fearful a defeat in having to face a Russian winter without either shelter or provisions, that in the retreat, for every man who returned alive, seven were left stark and dead on Russian soil.

Heber was more pleased with Norway, where English influence had permeated, than with Sweden. He writes of Norwegian fairy-lore, of home-life, of the handsome cathedral of Christiana and kindred topics. Norway was then united to Denmark. There was no university allowed in Norway, it being the policy of Denmark to have all the young Norwegians educated at Copenhagen. There were no stage-coaches, railroads or other means of general transportation, so they chartered a sort of large omnibus, on wheels in summer and placed on a sled in winter. The luggage was packed in the bottom, a mattress laid upon it, and on the mattress the travellers reclined, or with pillows sat up and viewed the country. With good roads and good weather they were comfortable, but when the snow began to melt they had to

cross whole districts of morass or flooded country. One night they spent at a Finn encampment, whose tents Heber compares to the Terra-del-fuegans'. They were given milk and reindeer-cheese, and slept on reindeer skins. Some of the Finns owned between five hundred and one thousand reindeer. It will not be possible to describe or even hint at all the young travellers studied of the language, habits, manners, buildings, commerce, transportation, military and educational facilities of the people.

Heber describes the Slavs as good-humoured, dirty, and sheepskin clad. In Russia they travelled by post-waggons hired at intervals along the road. The drivers seldom beat their horses, they would cajole them, argue with them, and for abuse call them a wolf or a Jew. I have not space to describe Moscow as it was when Heber saw it, with its 1,500 spires, its two Christianized mosques, in one of which the czars were crowned and in the other buried; the Kremlin, in whose treasury were the crowns of Kazan, Astrachan, Siberia, and a dozen other kingdoms, safely housed.

On his return, in 1807, he was ordained deacon and succeeded to the family living of Hodnet. The future bishop was not exempt from those doubts which beset many students of theology who have trained and logical minds, and conscientious thoroughness of reading and thought. The people of Hodnet had known him from childhood. Heber himself said, "It was appalling to have such expectations formed of him." He threw himself into the work of the pastorate with an earnestness of purpose that lifted many of the commonplace, trivial daily duties into a higher plane. The intensity of his desire taxed his faith and sometimes made his sanguine nature despondent, that greater harvests did not follow the sowing of the spiritual seed.

In the spring of 1809 he married Amelia Shipley, daughter of the Dean of St. Asaph, a lady who threw into her husband's work all the stimulating force of an able character.

Heber was Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, in 1804, and in 1815 was made Bampton Lecturer to the University of Oxford. in 1822 he was elected preacher to the learned society of Lincoln's Inn, and was also appointed, in 1817, to a canonry in the cathedral of St. Asaph, attaining at an early age distinctions usually reserved for a much later period in life.

The study of missions was now attracting much attention. A missionary sermon and collection were appointed for St. Asaph. In the dearth of suitable hymns young Heber composed that well-known lyric, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." That hymn alone would have immortalized his name. "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning," his hymn of adoration to the "Star in the East," stirs every hallowed emotion of our nature; it is a song to wake an angel's lyre.

Notwithstanding his poetical tallent, considering that its indulgence might make him neglect his various duties, he laid it aside for many years, composing only a few hymns, which were published for his country congregation. He wrote much high-class prose for the *Quarterly Review* and other periodicals, and issued a volume of his travels in Europe

In 1823 he found his vocation. He was appointed the second bishop of Calcutta. The diocese was so immense that no man could administer it thoroughly. It embraced the whole of India accessible to the English, Ceylon, Tasmania, New Zealand, Australia, besides Mauritius, Cape of Good Hope and Madeira Islands, which might be reached on the sea route to England should he return on a visit. Overwork had

killed his predecessor, Bishop Middleton, but when once Heber's mind, which had been undecided at first owing to the effect the climate might have upon his wife and child, was made up, he never looked back.

"Devotedly he went,
Forsaking friends and kin,
His own loved paths of pleasantness and peace
Books, leisure, privacy,
Prospects (and not remote) of all wherewith
Authority could dignify desert,
And, dearer far to him,
Pursuits that with the learned and the wise
Should have assured his name its lasting place."

His scrupulous nature shrank from the undertaking. He questioned whether he had sufficient energy for so arduous an office. To unite a divided church, to establish schools, harmonize missionaries at variance with each other, to be the head of all; responsible for the spiritual guidance of a nation, seemed too vast for his powers. His spiritual penetration viewed the depths of degradation into which the Hindu religion had sunk its devotees, the almost insuperable barriers that caste had thrown around them, and yet amid all his firm trust in God seemed to lift him to a plane where he could realize the fulfilment of the prophecy, "He shall have the heathen for his inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession."

Bishop Heber left England in June, 1823, and arrived in Calcutta in October. During the voyage out he applied himself to the study of the Persian and Hindustani languages as necessary keys to the characters of the natives of his diocese. On reaching Calcutta he began the prosecution of his work, though he suffered from the heat.

The missionaries were in a state of anarchy, they had been sent out by different societies, some were ordained and some were not. The bishop saw that to insure the respect they were entitled to from the natives they must be a united body. While rigidly adhering to principle he was singularly successful in reconciling differences and bringing the whole force to an amicable understanding. His counsels were wise and temperate, proceeding from soberness and lucidity of thought, while he breathed the very spirit of his Master, the Peacemaker. His heart was filled with pity as he beheld, on entering a heathen temple for the first time, the degrading idolatry of naked devotees covered with chalk and filth, doing penance to the continued cry of "Ram! Ram! Ram! Ram!"

Bishop's College, in Howrah, Calcutta, had been started in the time of Bishop Middleton, but Bishop Heber brought it to completion and established it on a basis of efficiency. While in Calcutta he visited the schools daily, and before many months he ordained from them two native missionaries.

In June, 1824, he set out on his first visitation. Few people have any idea of the vast extent of India with its teeming millions. The journey lay along the delta of the Ganges and to the old city of Dacca. Accompanied by his chaplain and some native servants they occupied two boats, lateen-rigged. In these were placed all their stores. The cabin was a sort of open hut with a thatched roof. Salt meat and poultry, with an uncertain supply of fish, formed the staple diet.

The Bishop, writing to his wife, sent home a humorous account of his entrance into the sacred city of Benares, that "most holy city of Hindustan."

"I will endeavour to give you some idea of the concert, vocal and instrumental, which saluted us as we entered the town:

First beggar. 'Great Lord, great judge, give me some pice. I am a fakir; I am a priest; I am dying with hunger.'

Bearers (trotting). 'Ugh! ugh! ugh! ugh!'

Musicians. 'Tingle tangle, tingle tangle, bray, bray, bray.'

Chuprasse (clearing the way with his sheathed sword). 'Silence! give room for the lord judge, the lord priest! Get out of the way—quick!' (Then very gently stroking and patting the broad back of a Brahmin bull), 'Oh, good man, move, move.'

Bull (scarcely moving). 'Ba-a-ah!'

Second beggar (counting his beads, rolling his eyes, and moving his body backward and forwards). 'Ram, ram, ram, ram!'

Bearers (as before). 'Ugh! ugh! ugh! ugh!'"

It might give the reader some idea of what the word visitation meant to the bishop, if I copy a few sentences from a letter of one of the missionaries.

"This morning the bishop preached on the 'Good Samaritan,' and then administered the sacrament in English and Hindustani. The service was four hours long and it seemed as if the bishop would never tire while thus engaged. At five in the afternoon we had divine service in Hindustani. The whole church was thronged with native Christians, and the aisles were crowded with heathens; there must have been many hundreds present, of whom the greater part were drawn by curiosity. Immediately after, English evening service commenced."

The writer adds after, that the bishop spent seven hours in public worship that day.

It is impossible to more than outline a few occurrences of his life and work in India, but however briefly we sketch, in every sentence the reader will recognize the characteristic features of the man—a man of rare mental power, of strong common-sense, of patience, moderation, personal charm, unremitting toil, and that charity that thinketh no evil.

During the last year of his life, he made many journeys, some of great extent overland, camping out or visiting and receiving the lavish hospitality of rajahs and Indian royalty. A motley train the caravan was, consisting of twenty-four camels, eight carts drawn by bullocks, twenty-four horse servants, ten ponies, forty bearers and coolies of different descriptions, twelve tent-pitchers and a guard of twenty sepoys under a native officer—hundreds of miles to travel amid such surroundings. No railway carriages with luxurious coaches to transport him, but through jungles and on long journeys he pressed forward, establishing missions wherever he went. He spared neither time, toil nor trouble. Under a burning sun he would visit every school or congregation in all the towns he passed through. His labours were so incessant as to provoke remonstrance from his chaplain and suite. About a week before his death he preached at Tanjore to a body of fifty or sixty missionaries. He referred to Schwarz, in whose chapel he was preaching, as one of the most zealous, self-denying missionaries India ever had, who had been the means of baptizing into the Christian religion six thousand natives; and he expressed the hope that they would emulate his example. This was his last address to a body of missionaries.

He held a confirmation on Easter Sunday. It was a service of deep and thrilling interest, in which memory, hope and joy mingled with the devotion of the hour, to hear so many voices rescued from the polluting services of the pagoda join in the Easter song of triumph and utter the loud amen at the close of the prayer. The bishop's heart was full, a heavenly expression on his countenance as he exclaimed, "Gladly would I exchange years of common life for one such day as this." He reached Trichinopoly on April 1st; the heat was very oppressive. On the 2nd he held a confirmation service and preached morning and evening, when he complained of weariness. The next morning at daybreak he held a service in Tamil and con-

firmed and addressed a congregation in that language. He returned to the house at which he was staying and retired to his room. Not appearing for half an hour his servant entered the room and found him lying in his bath. The eager spirit had found rest, so quietly and peacefully did Bishop Heber pass into endless day.

He was scarcely forty-three years of age when he died, and had spent less than three years in India, and yet long enough to endear himself to all. As the news of his death spread it caused general lamentation, and his loss was felt in Calcutta as a public calamity.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Measured by this rule his life was not short. He was buried at Trichinopoly in St. John's church, away from his family, amid the scenes of his grandest labours.

Bishop Heber gave up all for India, and we estimate his conviction of his individual responsibility by the living truth he uttered in his own poem, which makes a fitting close and application to every missionary address to the end of time, for his voice is still ringing clear, and millions still are singing,

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name."

CLAREMONT, Ont.

THY WILL BE DONE.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

THY will be done! We say it, sighing,
When some sweet boon, withheld, we crave;
Thy will be done! we moan it, crying,
Heart-stabbed beside an open grave:
We say the words amidst our pain,
Through bitter tears that fall like rain.

Thy will be done—we strive to pray it
When thunders crash and storm-clouds burst;
We shrink and falter, but we say it,
Because our Saviour said it first:
Hasting along God's path he sped,
And we would follow where he led.

Thy will be done! we whisper, fearing
Submission brings another cross;
We think our yielding means the nearing
Of some new, bitter, dreaded loss:
Forgive us, God, for wounding so
The patient love we ought to know.

Thy will be done—we say it, wronging
The love that broods above our pain,
That yearns with more than mother-longing
To see us glad and free again,
But loves too much to lift our woe,
Until its blessedness we know.

Submission is the glorious choosing
Of God's best gifts prepared for men;
Shrink never, though it mean the losing
Of harmful hoard—such loss is gain.
O doubting, trembling heart, be still!
And let thy Father have his will.

His will—the perfect, tender shielding
From smallest harm, when woe must be;
His will—it only waits our yielding
To crown with blessing you and me;
The soul that says "Thy will be done,"
Compels love's richest benison.

VICTORIA, B.C.

BE good, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

JOHN WESLEY'S RELATION TO HIS OWN AGE.*

BY DAVID ALLISON, LL.D.,

President of the University of Mount Allison College.

In June, 1788, when an old man of eighty-five, within less than three years of his death, John Wesley wrote to John Mann, one of his missionaries in Nova Scotia, and one of the founders of Methodism here, that he was greatly concerned for the prosperity of the work of God in Nova Scotia, and that the welfare of the Methodists of that northern province, as young and tender children, lay very near his heart. No man has lived these many centuries who less needs special celebration of any kind to keep alive his memory and fame than this same John Wesley. When we recall his name it is no attempt to bring back to the public eye a rapidly vanishing figure, to blow up into an appearance of life the ashes of an expiring flame, to postpone a little, if we can, an oblivion which is surely and remorselessly creeping on. Nothing of the kind. The tribute that we are paying is but the ampler and more generous recognition that a century of history—a century of calm reflection—enables us to accord to a great life wholly consecrated to the best of causes. It is well to erect John Wesley's statue, to beautify his tomb, to place his memorial in our national Valhalla. But he has a better monument than these. His name is written "on the fleshly tablets" of millions of hearts, and the hearts that thus immortalize his memory were never so many, nor so rapidly multiplying as in this year of grace, more than a century after his death.

More than one historian has called attention to that process of idealization by which, in the estimation of their followers, founders of religious denominations are transformed and exalted into virtual demigods. The tendency has its roots in human nature, but like other tendencies found there it is one that requires to be carefully checked and guarded. All must admit, as a matter of fact, that it has magnified some insignificant characters out of all due proportion, and made pure gold out of some very common dross. But John Wesley has now been dead a century, and during that century there has been developed a spirit of historic criticism too keen and uncompromising to allow any merely ideal saint or hero to maintain his place. To this investigating light no modern character has been more fully exposed than that of John Wesley. It has been focused not only on his "public walks"—and he did not live a secluded life, but ran his career full in the eyes of men—but on his "private ways" and even on the inmost secrets of his breast.

What has been the result of this examination, conducted as it has been with cold, careful, analytic precision? I make bold to say that in the estimation, not of all intelligent Methodists merely, but in that of all intelligent men, the *real* Wesley is at once a nobler figure and a more lovable character than any *ideal* Wesley could have been. The analysis has revealed imperfections—infirmities, prejudices, foibles, call them what you will—but these, if it be not paradoxical to say so, but endear him the more to our hearts, not

* The substance of this paper was given as an address at the Wesley Centennial celebration in 1891, at Halifax, N.S.

only because his very "failings leaned to virtue's side," but because their shadow throws out into brighter light the intrinsic excellence of his character. Even when critics have done their worst upon him, there appears before us one of the most unique and fascinating personalities that modern history discloses, a mind singularly ahead of its age in discerning the real evils which afflicted society and the true means of their redress, a heart full of all philanthropic sympathies and dominated by a supreme desire for the glory of God.

I am to say a few words on John Wesley's relation to his own age. He was born in 1703, the second year of the reign of Queen Anne. He died in 1791, the thirty-second year of the reign of King George the Third, his life of course including the whole of the reign of the two intervening Hanoverian Kings, George the First and George the Second. His career, though wholly included in, stretched almost entirely across, the eighteenth century. He was by providential allotment and ordination an eighteenth century Englishman, and if we would do full justice to his character and achievements this fact must be borne in mind. Every man is in important senses the creature of his own age, the product of contemporary conditions. We must not expect Mr. Wesley, as he is brought before us, to speak and think about everything just as we speak and think. This would be only in degree more silly than to expect the same of a contemporary of the Plantagenets. So we must keep in mind the educational influences under which his intellectual character was developed. Denominational pride has loved to regard him as a man of boundless erudition, and the largest possible inferences are drawn from the fact that "Methodism was born in a university." The fact is that during the first third of the eighteenth-century English university life was at its lowest ebb. No darker picture could well be drawn of an educational establishment in both intellectual and moral aspects than Mr. Wesley himself has drawn of his own Oxford, as he knew it. Christ Church, like all the other Oxford colleges, was an institution of the strictest mediæval type, utterly unvisited by the light of mathematical and physical science. It thus came to pass that while, thanks particularly to his excellent natural abilities and systematic industry, Mr. Wesley became an accomplished linguist, an admirable logician on Aristotelian lines, and an exquisite literary critic, his mind never had the benefit of a broad training in the inductive philosophy, a lack specially observable, when as a man who "intermeddled with all knowledge" he discoursed upon the phenomena and laws of nature.

But though influenced, as all men must be, by his surroundings and his training, no man was ever less the slave of either than John Wesley. Instead of allowing the limitations of his age to permanently fetter his movements he placed before that age new and nobler ideals and led it on to better things. He lived in the eighteenth century, but saw far into the future. He was the greatest seer that God has yet raised up in our Anglo-Saxon Israel. He has been lying in his grave a whole century, but as yet we are only on the eve of some of his anticipated and projected reformations. The conservative instincts of his nature were strengthened by that mediæval Oxford training. He paid high respect, we should say far too high, to custom, to routine, to prescription, to anything dignified by the name of authority. With such a man it is not to his shame that he hesitated, that, to speak colloquially, he "backed and filled" a little, or a good deal, when on the eve of some new departure to which God seemed to be calling him; it is his glory that in

the end the supreme sense of duty always conquered, and that the bands of prejudice and routine were burst like withes of straw. He had an "ear to hear," and so he heard the voice of God. He kept his eye open for light, and so he saw what other men did not see. It was thus that God called him on until He placed him in the forefront of one of the greatest and most far-reaching of moral movements. And in this attitude and spirit we find the sufficient explanation of the inconsistencies and contradictions of which both enemies and over-candid friends have made so much. He shook off the past as he rose to the demands of the present and to the openings of the future.

John Wesley's childhood and early boyhood were almost exactly covered by the reign of Queen Anne. This was the Augustan age of English letters — the age of Addison and Swift, of Pope and Prior, of Steele and Defoe—and its stimulating influences reached even the retired rectory of Epworth. It was an epoch, too, of transcendent military glory. As the little ones were gathered round the frugal supper-table, their father, the rector, delighted to communicate to them the news brought by the last post, how the great Marlborough had vanquished the enemies of England at Blenheim or Ramillies, or how the eccentric Peterborough had scaled the heights of Barcelona and humbled once more the haughty Spaniard.

John Wesley was at school and college during the whole of the reign of George the First, and when after graduation at Oxford he took orders in 1727, England, under the manipulations of that first of all political mesmerizers, Walpole, had well entered on a long period of drowsy inactivity and stagnation. All accounts agree that in all moral aspects and relations this period was one of the dullest and darkest in the post-Reformation history of England.

We speak not now of the great work of Wesley's life, that momentous and far-reaching spiritual revolution which he was the main human instrument in accomplishing. That this is his true relation to the religious revival of the eighteenth century cannot be called in question. In some minute sense it may be true that he did not originate it. Others, certainly, did a part of the work. Some of his co-labourers may have had gifts superior to his in special directions. His poetical powers were not to be compared with those of his brother Charles. He could not rival the magnetic and impassioned oratory of Whitefield. He did not conform so closely to the mystical type of saintliness as his friend John Fletcher. But he was incomparably greater than any of these or any other associated in his work. He combined most, if not all, of the qualities needed in the leader of so vast an enterprise; he had both insight and foresight; calmness and courage; faith, hope and boundless charity. He alone saw the true import of the movement, directed it, organized its forces, gave it form and coherence, and dying, left it sweeping on to perpetuate his memory and name.

A special feature of Mr. Wesley's life was his intense interest in all public affairs, in all political and sociological questions as well as those of a strictly moral or religious nature. It would be too much to say that he was always right—but he was always bold, manly, and patriotic. He took care to let all men know what John Wesley thought, and why he thought so. On the eve of an election ourselves, it may be interesting to know that he even took a hand in the most practical part of politics. Once when he thought the maintenance of the Hanoverian dynasty to be involved to some extent in an election to be held at Bristol, he called his people there together on the eve of polling-day, to talk

over the subject and pray for the success of his favourite candidate. As the prayers were not answered, I leave the story to point its own moral.

At a later period, he was acknowledged to have been the chief agent in securing for Mr. Wilberforce his first election for the great riding of Yorkshire. With most, if not all, of the prime ministers of the kingdom after he reached the middle period of life he was acquainted, and there were few of them to whom he did not in person or by correspondence cause his views on the great questions of the day to be known. The last communication of the kind was a noble letter written, when he was more than eighty years old, to the younger Pitt, then Prime Minister of England at twenty-five, in which he adjured him as the son of Lord Chatham, and as the servant of the Most High King, to protect the moral interest of the realm.

Of all Mr. Wesley's interferences in public affairs the propriety of none has been more questioned than the publication of his "Calm Address to the American People," which was almost a literal reproduction of Dr. Johnson's tract, "Taxation without Representation no Tyranny." But it should not be forgotten that while on theoretical grounds Mr. Wesley tried to reason the colonists out of their contemplated revolt, he had steadfastly upheld Lord Chatham in his protest and remonstrances against the foolish policy by which Lord North, or rather the dull-witted and self-willed king, had been alienating the allegiance of a once loyal people, and he had even gone to the length of personal expostulations with Lord North on the subject. The well-meant effort failed, but Mr. Wesley lost none of his regard for his children in America, and continued to manifest the same deep and tender care for their spiritual welfare. Though its awful crisis had not come, the French Revolution had been a year or so in progress when he died. All England around him was shaking and quaking with fear, but the old man's heart was as calm and intrepid as ever. Who can tell what might have happened had he never lived? Cardinal Manning says that to him more than any other human cause, England owed her power to resist the disintegrating forces which that terrible outbreak let loose upon her national fabric.

The England of John Wesley's time was choke full of social abominations, many of which have happily disappeared, though some alas, yet wait for their final extirpation. The space at my disposal will not permit even the mention of the multifarious forms which his philanthropic activity assumed. Before Wilberforce was born and when John Newton never "felt nearer to God" than when acting as supercargo on a slave ship, John Wesley denounced the slave-trade as "the sum of all villanies." Years after, when his friend Whitefield had become the owner of slaves and with Pauline texts defended such ownership as Scriptural and proper, he laid "the axe at the root of the tree" and pronounced the whole system of human slavery accursed, an outrage on the rights of man, a violation of the laws of God. Six days before he died he wrote his last letter, and it was a word of cheer to his young friend Wilberforce to go on in the name of God until men with black skins should have the same rights as those with white. When he forbade the drinking of drams to his followers and declared the traffic in spirituous liquors to be the curse of the kingdom, he was a veritable *vox clamantis in deserto*, and was nearly a century in advance of his times. And with what pitying eyes did he look on the ignorant masses of his countrymen, and what noble efforts did he put forth, by such means as lay in his power, to dissipate the gross darkness that was

upon the people! He fairly disputes with Robert Raikes the honour of inaugurating the mighty Sunday-school movement, and with John Howard the credit of initiating those beneficent schemes of prison reform whose accomplishment shed so much glory on the closing years of the eighteenth century.

One bright afternoon last autumn I stood by Wesley's grave with uncovered head, and mused on how much and how lasting good God can accomplish through the medium of one human life. The next day, I heard Archdeacon Farrar, from his pulpit in St. Margaret's, describe Mr. Wesley as "the broadest minded of all modern religious reformers," quoting from him in support of his own special theme the characteristic saying: "'Opinions,' I am sick of opinions. A man may have no opinions at all and yet be carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom." John Wesley's grandest feature was his large and artless soul. Wherever good could be found, *he* found it. He anticipated Froude in hunting up characters that have fared ill at the hands of general historians and making special pleas in their behalf, persuading himself and trying to persuade others that Mary Queen of Scots was as innocent as she was beautiful. He picked out what good, and what sense, he could from the mystical ravings of Emanuel Swedenborg. He hated popish doctrines, but believed that Thomas à Kempis was one of the holiest saints of God. He expected to see the Emperor Marcus Aurelius in the kingdom of heaven. He even dreamed of an hereafter for the brute creation.

Thus lived John Wesley—a pattern to moral toilers for all ages, his hands full of work and his heart of love:

> "Like as a star that maketh not haste,
> That taketh not rest, but calmly fulfilleth
> His God-given 'hest."

PRAISE.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

For ocean's boundless deeps, and mountain grandeur,
And storm with thunder shod,
For sun, and moon, and clouds, and starry splendour,
We praise Thee, O our God!

For depths of peace, and joys that rise to rapture,
For love beyond compare,
Love tender, kind, yet mighty to deliver,
From sin and death's despair,

We bless thee, God! Let anthems fill Thy temples,
Angels and men, as one,
Unite to swell the everlasting chorus
Circling about Thy throne.

We thank Thee for the sound of running water,
Flowing in narrow ways,
The rustle of a leaf in quiet weather,
The shade of sunless days.

The slanting gleam of golden sunlight falling
Upon a baby's hair.
The touch of tiny fingers whose soft clinging
Inspires a heart-warm prayer.

The scent of flowers in a mossy dingle,
Where sound and silence blend,
A quiet hand-clasp when the heart is lonely,
Or letter from a friend.

We praise Thee for the daily, lesser blessings,
That meet each smallest need;
The tiny, ceaseless tokens ever proving
Thy love is love indeed.

We come to Thee, O Father, with thanksgiving,
Low at Thy feet we kneel;
Now give us grace to show in sweet obedience
The gratitude we feel!

Victoria, B.C.

JASPER TRAVIS' CONVERSION.

BY DOUGLAS HEMMEON.

He is a strong, quiet man of about thirty-five or forty, and therefore he impresses you. His conversion brought the quiet gentleness to the surface. Formerly he was strong, noisy, and rough—the noisiest and roughest fellow on the Windsor Road, especially when just home from town on "market day."

He is unmarried and lives alone in a neat cottage of his own construction, where he cooks, sews, reads, writes, and, in leisure moments, plays a reed-organ, of which he is extremely proud.

He has given up the old house of his fathers to the Salvation Army, for occasional meetings when they go out from town "to fight the devil on Windsor Road." It was through the Army he was converted.

Old "Nat" Bauld, a decided failure as a cobbler, but a certain success as advance agent and missionary for the "Army"—so strangely do we find characteristics mingled in men—was the one who first spoke of religion to him. The seed fell into good ground, for he was, by necessity of his lonely farmer-life, in close touch with Nature, a thoughtful man. One could wish, indeed, that "Old Nat" would follow the old advice of Apelles, and stick more persistently to his "last," but even shiftless cobblers have their plot to work in God's spring-fields.

Conversion did not come to Jasper Travis in any common way. His own testimony to this fact is sure, and carries conviction.

A neat church stands near a cross-road, not more than a mile and a half from Jasper's cabin. Shortly after his change of aim in life he was seen sitting well up among its regular attendants at the week-night prayer-service. He had come down there, as it was the nearest church, to get encouragement. When the time for testimonies came Jasper rose, and in a low, quiet voice, and turning to the careless young fellows in the back seats, slowly said:

"Friends, I have been a wicked man. What most bad men do contrary to God's law, I have done—and more. I have begun to serve Him. I intend to keep on."

The minister said "Amen!" aloud and fervently. The young men in the back seats, careless though they were, were impressed by the sincerity of utterances they half wished they, too, could make. The Christians looked happy. A young girl started, "He leadeth me." The choir and people joined in. The service closed and the people flocked out. The minister came last. He looked glad, and the look brightened when he saw that Jasper was waiting for him.

"Well, Mr. Travis, I was very glad to hear you speak as you did this evening," he said; and as he said it, he felt the formality and stiffness of the courtesy, even though he meant it as we seldom mean what we say. But the minister was young and diffident, and did not know Jasper well. "Yes; I am glad I spoke to-night," was the quiet reply.

There fell a silence for a space. Both felt deeply, standing there beneath God's stars. Then both said "Good-night" simultaneously—hesitated—laughed—said it again simultaneously — laughed again — shook hands warmly, and parted; one going on a lonely tramp to his lonely cabin, and the other to his boarding-place.

After this Jasper came regularly to the prayer-meetings, and his quiet, terse, earnest testimony was always

heard. One evening, about two months after his conversion, he spoke at greater length than usual. And, in telling his experience, as he usually did, used words like these:

"I wanted to know what God wanted me to do, so I left my work and went into my house and asked Him if he wished me to do this particular work among the sinful. The answer came distinctly to me from God: 'Go and do it.'"

The people began to stare.

He continued simply, "I asked: 'When Lord?' I felt the answer, 'As soon as you have time.'"

The young minister began to grow uneasy. What his theological teachers had said about mysticism came to him confusedly. The people were decorously quiet, but he could detect glances of suppressed interest.

After the meeting, the minister did not see Jasper to give him the usual "God-speed," being busy with the choir, and when his thoughts returned to his strange testimony, and he looked around for him, he had gone up the "back-road" on his lonely walk. The minister could hear his clear, strong whistle—he loves to whistle—the tune was, "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me," and the sound came down quite clear after the chattering crowd had dwindled away. The minister stood where the church wall threw back the echo most plainly—listening, half-minded to follow him and have a talk; but finally decided to wait and read up all he could on the various forms of mysticism.

The next Thursday, Jasper's place in the prayer-service was vacant. The next—and the next. Then the minister decided to hunt him up. So, one beautiful winter afternoon, he drove up in the direction of Jasper's farm, which lay off the Windsor Road a mile or so, in the heart of the forest, some ten miles from the town.

As he drove along he wondered, rather anxiously, how he would approach this strange, quiet fellow in order to do him the most good. He was not a country-bred boy, and he made the phlegmatic, dispassionateness of his people a constant study. His road lay past the shop of Old Nat, the cobbler, and as he drew near the weather-stained sign-board, which hung over a shabby doorway, and bore the time-honoured emblems of the proprietor's handicraft—a boot and shoe done in faded green upon a yellow back-ground—he pulled up his mare. The dirty window immediately swarmed full of dirtier faces. The minister beckoned. A moment later the door creaked open and Old Nat came out among a regiment of children of all sizes, who swarmed boisterously between his legs and the door, almost causing him to stumble.

The old man held in his hand a worn and run-over shoe, and gazed in apologetic explanation for his unseemly precipitation out of the door, over the heads of his grandchildren, who had formed a solid phalanx between the two men, and were watching in wide-eyed wonder, what one of their number, more acquainted with the world and its wonders, had called: "The watches on the horse's head."

"Shoo! shoo! children. Go away from the minister's horse!" cried Old Nat. "Yes, sir,"—in reply to the inquiry concerning the whereabouts of Jasper—"I knows where he lives. You go on till you pass a large barn and a small house, with pigs, sir, in front, and turn the next corner to the right, and drive on till you come to a house in a field all alone by itself, sir. It's the *solintary* one on the road. Yes, sir, he's to home to-day: in the woods hard by, but he runs up to his house, sir, to keep up the fire. Good-day, sir. The Lord bless ye, sir," and, motioning with the worn shoe in a general and mildly dignified manner, which might equally have suited greeting or parting, Old Nat backed slowly

up to his door-step, as eminently calculated to show respect for his caller, and sat down so suddenly as to suggest the wiles of an impish-looking grandchild who was peeking around the corner, rather than a dignified desire to "speed the parting guest."

The minister drove off rapidly, passed the house "with pigs, sir, in front," and turning the corner, went down into a hollow, up the opposite hill, and disappeared into a deeply-shaded wood-road. He drove on till he saw a chimney over the tree-tops, and then the house itself. It was a large, weather-faded old dwelling, and the wind was whirling the light drift in white eddies around its bleak corners. There was an open gate to the right, and a broken road, into which he turned. Behind the old house, and hidden from the road, he came upon Jasper's dwelling. Smoke was issuing from the chimney and a large cat was crouching on the door-sill. He tried the door—no answer. He hitched his mare in a sheltered spot and threw a couple of rugs over her, for the day was cold.

Then he listened intently, thinking he would wait till Jasper came up to replenish his fire, for the smoke was getting thin and blue. Down in the wood lot on the farther side of the road he heard the sharp, steely *chuck, chuck, chuck,* of an axe. "It must be Jasper," he thought, starting down the path.

Half-way down to the edge of the woods, he heard someone whistling —he stopped and listened. Clear, soft and correct came the notes— "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me." The minister's eyes dimmed. "Jasper is all right," he said to himself. Presently Jasper himself emerged from the woods driving his team with a half cord of green wood.

"Good-day," he quietly said to the other's greeting. His eyes said "Welcome."

The minister jumped on behind and rode up to the long wood-pile in the yard. Then he helped him take out the horse and unload the wood. As they stood together in the slant wintry rays of a February sun, and looked off across the sloping, snowy fields, and the dip and rise of fir-forest, to where the golden splendour of the western sky builded and unbuilded gorgeous cloud-castles, something of the loneliness of the surroundings stole to the heart of the young minister.

"Jasper," he asked (he called him Jasper now), "aren't you sometimes awfully lonely away up here?"

The face of the other sought the western splendour. Was it only the glory of the sky reflected there that the minister saw?

"Sometimes I am," he said, "on wild nights, but I have God to talk to, you know"

"What do you mean?" asked the minister quickly. "You said something about that at prayer meeting before you stopped coming."

"I would have gone again, but I thought you were offended at what I said; you didn't speak to me after meeting."

The minister explained.

"I'm sorry I misunderstood," Jasper said; "come in and stay a little while."

Inside the cabin was neat and clean, but very plain. A dog and cat followed them in and took up positions on either side of the stove. In one corner was a very nice organ —the sole remnant of the more comfortable homestead, in view. The minister grew pleasant.

"You have a dog, a cat, and a horse, Jasper," he said, "why don't you get a wife?"

"I'm too old now," replied Jasper, soberly. "I've hardened like, as things do when they get old. I've got to be 'set.' The people call me 'notional,' you know, too. I m afraid I wouldn't get along well; so many don't. 'Jingo,' and 'Tab,' and 'Charlie,' the horse, are all my companions."

At the word "Jingo" the minister looked up. Jasper coloured, and said quickly and apologetically:

"Indeed, I can't help calling him that, sir. You know I named him when I was wild and it sticks. I tried to change his name to 'Peter,' but when I got lonesome I would call him 'Jingo' in spite of myself. Do you think it's wrong? It sounds so sometimes."

"No," said the minister, decidedly, with a queer smile. "Call him 'Jingo.' Come here, Jingo." The dog came and rested his nose on the minister's knee, but shortly gravitated to his master's side again.

The minister tilted back his chair and unbuttoned his great-coat.

"Now, Jasper," he said, "tell me, please, if you do not object, all about your solitary self, and how you came to be converted. Won't you?"

Jasper took off his cap and looked into it as if seeking for advice. Then he got up and put some wood in the stove.

"Well," he said, as he seated himself again, and brushed the cat off his knee, "I haven't ever told anyone all the particulars, you know, but, to begin at the start: I was a pretty wild fellow, and very profane and wicked in the other days, as I suppose you have heard."

The minister nodded.

"In this room,"—glancing around—"we used to gamble, and drink, and carouse, all night sometimes. The young fellows seemed to prefer this place because I would always play the organ for them before they left. For a long time I was feeling I was not right with God. I had a good mother long ago,"—he leaned over and rubbed the window-pane with his hand as though there were steam on it—"and often when working in my field on Sunday, for I never observed Sunday, I would get quite worried and unhappy. But I knew the boys would come in the evening, and always shook the feeling off. Finally, in one of the Salvation Army meetings down yonder, I could not hold out against the Spirit, and started to serve God."

He paused as he thought of the crisis, then continued: "It was very hard, not so hard to serve God in my lonely life as to tell others of Him. The boys stopped coming for a while when they heard that 'the Army had roped Jasper in,' but gradually started again. I think 'twas the music I played for them—and then they were quiet and made no mention of our old amusements.

"One night, after they had left and I had gone to bed, the thought suddenly came to me that I was not doing my duty—that I should speak to them and try to convert them. But I simply thought I couldn't, it was so hard. I didn't, and from that time I gradually went back, till at last I got worse than before and began to neglect my work, and our carousals were worse than ever. I hadn't trusted God and had failed.

"Well," Jasper continued, "one night a little after this I had a dream. It was this way:

"I had been very unhappy all day. Nothing seemed to go straight. The sheep got out of pasture. The cattle had stayed away late, and I had to go after them. Even Charlie seemed to be obstinate. I went to bed early, after the boys had left, and must have slept three or four hours when I *thought* I suddenly awoke. I was lying in bed, it seemed, in a large house on a hill, and it was storming awfully, with bright lightning and rolling thunder. The house seemed full of windows, which showed the lightning vividly and the fury of the tempest endangered my life, for it seemed as though every gust would carry over the trembling house. I was very frightened and fast becoming panic-stricken, when I heard a Voice behind me say, 'Do you doubt Me now?'

"I did not answer, and the Voice said again: 'Do you doubt Me now?'

Still I did not answer, and the storm grew worse and worse. When it seemed as though I was almost sure to be killed, the Voice came again: 'Do you doubt Me now?' I answered, it seemed without thinking, 'No, Lord, I don't.' It became quiet in a moment, and I fell back from my sitting attitude, as it seemed, into Someone's strong arms and rested there.

"Well, still in my dream, I awoke and went down to my nearest neighbour over here—Mrs. Davis. When I stood in her kitchen she said: 'Why, Jasper, how you've changed! What's the matter?' Everybody on the road looked at me as if I had something the matter with me, too. Then I came home and looked in the looking-glass, and I *was* changed. I can't explain it, but I thought I *looked* different.

"When I awoke in the morning from my dream it was late and I hurried with my work. I was at peace with God again and very happy, but the coming of the boys worried me. All the morning it worried me, till at noon I went up to my room and asked God what to do. There was another matter, too. I thought God might mean me to go about preaching. It had bothered me before; so I asked Him first if I should go about preaching, and the answer came (the minister leaned forward), 'No.' Then I asked in prayer: 'Shall I speak to the boys?' The answer came: 'Yes.' Then I prayed for help to do it."

"Jasper," said the minister, "you say the answer came. How did it come?"

"From right behind me," said Jasper.

"Yes; but did you hear it with your ears?"

Jasper looked puzzled. "Well," he said slowly, "I can't say I did, I *felt* it,"—looking up brightly—"I *felt* it, sir. That's all I can say."

"Well now, listen to my experience," said the minister. "Some years ago, I wanted to know whether it would be wiser for me to leave the theological school I was attending and go to New York to study. I got all the information I could first, and then prayed to God earnestly for a long time to show me what to do. No direct answer came, but the way seemed to open for me to go. Well, I went," said the minister, "only to find when I got there that it was one of the most foolish things I ever did, so I came back. Why did not God answer my prayers the way He did yours?"

"I don't know about your prayers, but I do know about my own," said Jasper, firmly, as though detecting a sceptical note in the minister's voice.

"Well," asked the minister, "what of the boys? Did you speak to them?"

"That night," continued Jasper, "the boys came in. One of them took out a pack of cards and a flask. I felt I must speak, so I did. I told them I had fought God long enough, and that I was going to be a Christian if it took all my friends, and property, and life. They were surprised and disappointed, but they put up their drink and cards, and one of them said:

"'Well, you're not too good to play for us, are you, Jasper?'

"'No,' I said, 'but I must pray for you first.'

"So I got down right there by that bench and prayed for them"—

Jasper stopped suddenly—the minister reached over and put his hand on his knee.

"Yes, I know how hard it was," he said.

Jasper looked at him dumbly—"I prayed like—like everything," he whispered. "They sat still. Then I played the organ for them. I was so happy, I wonder sometimes,"—looking off to the western sky, where the snow-clouds caught the day's dying glory and tried to hold it—"I wonder sometimes if I'll ever be as happy again."

Silence fell. Out in the cold, golden after-glow the minister's mare turned, stamped her feet and whinnied. He rose gently, as if to preserve the calm, and said "Good-bye." Jasper didn't answer. He was thinking of the victory which is greater than the taking of a city, and his eyes were looking far away with such a look as the saint's eyes have when heaven's gate opens.

"Good-bye," said the minister again, holding out his hand—"Oh—yes—good-bye," said Jasper, rising suddenly.

The minister's bells rang merrily out on the frosty air as he dashed out to the main road. He was more perplexed than ever as to mysticism, but he thought: "Well, Jasper's all right anyway."

About a fortnight after this, as he was driving along the Windsor Road, from one of his out-lying appointments, he came suddenly upon a team in the road. He gave it a casual glance. He was thinking deeply of Jasper's dream—"Did God send it, or was it the natural result of a wrought-up mental state, combined with a tired physical condition?"

The team in front pulled out to let him pass, and when he got abreast he looked up and recognized Jasper. Their hands went out over the space between with one accord and clasped. The minister drove on; then changed his mind, and stopped, as if to speak. Jasper drew slowly up alongside.

"Look here, Jasper! I've been thinking about you just now. Tell me, were you converted before your dream or after?"

Jasper took off his big fur cap, and wiped his forehead, then put it on.

"Well, I may say, sir," he said quietly, "that I was converted *in* my dream."

Soon he turned up his lonely road. The minister could hear his sled creaking up the hill. He was whistling. The minister pulled his muffler off his ears to listen—clear and sweet came the bird-like notes over the fir-tops: "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me."

DARTMOUTH, N.S.

THE BURDEN BEARER.

OVER the narrow pathway
That leads from my lonely door
I went with a thought of the Master
As I oft had done before;
But my heart was heavily laden,
And with tears my eyes were dim,
But I knew I should lose the burden
Could I get a glimpse of Him.

It was more than I could carry,
If I carried it all alone;
And none in my house might share it—
Only One on the throne.
It came between me and pleasure,
Between my work and me,
But the Lord could understand it
And His touch could set me free.

While yet my courage wavered
And the sky before me blurred,
I heard a voice behind me,
Saying a tender word;
And I turned to see the brightness
Of heaven upon the road,
And sudden I lost the pressure
Of the weary, crushing load.

Nothing that hour was altered;
I had still the weight of care,
But I bore it now with the gladness
That comes from answered prayer.
Not a grief the soul can fetter
Nor cloud the vision when
The dear Lord gives the Spirit
To breathe to His will, "Amen."

Oh, friend, if the great burdens
His love can make so light,
Why should His wonderful goodness
Our halting credence slight?
The little sharp vexations,
The briers that catch and fret—
Shall we not take them to the Helper
Who never failed us yet?

Tell Him about the heartache,
Tell Him the longings, too,
Tell Him the baffled purpose,
When we scarce know what to do.
And leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden
And carry away the song.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

BY RICHARD ROWE.

Author of "The Diary of an Early Methodist," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

DEEPER DOWN.

When George Grimes and Alec Brown left Jude, they were sincerely sorry for him, but they soon forgot him. Because he did not squander money on drink and so on, they supposed he had enough put by to carry him through his trouble, and he passed for a time almost completely out of their minds. Healthy men in full work are not fond, as a rule, of visiting the sick-beds of mates out of work; partly for the very sensible reason that they cannot see what good they could do their sick mates by getting in the way of those who are looking after them; and partly because hale men do not like to be reminded, by an instance which comes home to them, of the helpless thing a whilom hale man may become after a few days of illness.

During the first part of Jude's impoverishment, the neighbours whom he had forced to respect and won to love him, and the doctor who had bullied him, were the people who kept him and his from the workhouse. Neither the doctor nor the Star Courtiers, of course, could do much. The doctor advised Jude to let things take their course, and hope for better times; but when he saw what anguish the idea of becoming parochial paupers inflicted on Jude and Mary, blustering Dr. Gale held his peace, and gave, besides his attendance—given, perchance, with a little more delicacy than before—such tiny help as an East-end doctor with a large family could give to keep Jude and his children "off the parish." The Star Courtiers for the most part, sympathized in Jude's shuddering horror at "the House," although the Irish thought it odd that Mr. Waple should be unwilling to accept the good food which "kind gintlemen" were ready to give him and his "childher" for doing nothing. Not even for out-door relief would the Waples apply, and when they had sold most of the furniture which had once excited their neighbours' envy, and all their bedding and clothes too, except what was absolutely necessary to keep them from dying of cold, they were often in sore straits for food. The Irish lavished pity on them, in spite of their being Protestants and their obstinate refusal of parish aid. If words could have warmed and fed, the Waples would never have suffered cold and hunger when their Irish neighbours were talking of them; but the Irish could do literally nothing for them in the way of material aid; and it was not very much more that their less demonstrative and eloquent English neighbours could do. In such a place as Star Court incomes have no margin for "charity," which can be dispensed without causing any inconvenience to the dispenser. Besides, Jude did not wish to saddle his poor neighbours with his support in order that he might be saved from the degradation of being supported by the parish. The Waples hid as well as they could the extremities of their poverty; and when things had come to the worst, Jude had made up his mind to go on the parish, rather than let his poor Star Court friends stint themselves even more than the ordinary conditions of their lives compelled them to stint themselves, in order to enable him to still nominally to keep a "home of his own."

"It's hard, Mary," he said, "for us as have al'ays paid our way to have to come down to be paupers. But if we must be kept by somebody, let's take what the law gives us a right to. The parish can afford to keep us better than the poor folks about here, or our good doctor either. He hain't so much to bless himself with, good man, though he do talk so gruff. He calls it lendin', an' if I thought I could pay him back soon, I wouldn't mind goin' on takin' a shillin' or two from him now an' then—no, nor if I thought I could make some sort of a return to the good folks in the court soon, I wouldn't mind so much a-goin' on as we are. I'm not above acceptin' kindnesses from them as means friendly, so long as I don't feel myself a beggar. But if I'm to be ill for ever so long, 'tain't just to go on as we're a-doin'. An' there's the man about the rent, too. Ever so much we owe, an' he's let it run on because he says he knows I'm honest, an' will pay him when I can. God knows I will, if I can get about again, but if you don't know when you'll get about again, 'tain't honest to go on keepin' the man out o' the money he'd get for the rooms if we was out of 'em. An' there's you an' poor little Cis with your faces as white as chalk. It's a cross for a hard-working man to have to come upon the parish, but God saw that my pride wanted humblin', an' He's done it, an' we must bow to His will. He knows what's best for us. We'll go in, Mary."

And as he said it, the blacksmith's lips twitched, and he turned away his face that his daughter might not see that he was crying.

"Oh, if I was only strong, so as I could work, father!" sobbed poor Mary. "An' such work as I could do I can't get. You won't say I haven't tried, father?"

"No, my girl, you've al'ays been a dear good girl. My sorrow is that you should ha' been forced to put up wi' what I've brought you to. You ought to be nussed instead o' nussin', and worryin' after work, Mary. You'll be better looked after when you're in, Mary—and poor little Cis 'll get a full meal again. It was wicked o' me to let my pride keep ye half-starvin'. We'll go in, Mary."

"Don't do it for Cis an' me, father," cried Mary. "We'd rather go on as 'tis, so as we can be wi' you, father. They'll part us in the House. You wouldn't be kept away from father, jest to get a dinner every day, would ye, Cis?"

The thought of a dinner every day for a moment brought an eager sparkle into the eyes of poor hollow-cheeked, hungry little Cis, but the next moment she had climbed upon the bed, and burying her face in her father's shaggy beard, clutching his neck with one hand, and stroking his cheeks with the other, and crying over him as she kissed his blue, chapped lips, she sobbed,—

"I ain't so greedy, father. Don't-ee let 'em take me away from you!"

CHAPTER XII.

GLEAMS.

Many weeks are summarized in the last chapter. Gloomy as they were, gloomier as they grew, they were relieved by many a gleam of the loveliest light with which this dingy London reflects the lustre of the Star in the East, shining forever in the pure skies—the kindness of the poor to those even worse off than themselves. Muddiest puddles reflect that silvery light—starlight unstarlike because it warms as well as brightens.

Perliteful Bill knew little of Christ's history, but Bill, too, had seen a picture of Christ, and recognized its power—a smudged, inartistic attempt at a likeness, but more telling than any portrait in pigments on canvas, because it was given in flesh and blood.

"The life of a Christian is the

best picture of the life of Christ," says the German lady whom Neander quotes in the preface to the first edition of his "Life of Christ."

Jude knew scarcely anything secular except his smithing craft; but he read his Gospels, free from any bias of prejudging theological interpretation, drank in the spirit of the all-loving Jesus of Nazareth, and tried in his poor little way to tread in his great Master's steps; and even poor brawling, boozing Bill had felt the influence of the blacksmith's character, however little he had profited by it. One thing, at any rate, it had taught him—to be leal to the man who had been kind to him when there seemed to be no chance of getting further benefits out of him.

All kinds of things Bill, in his own phrase, "worked," and a queer variety of things he left at Jude's door. "To be paid when called for, miss," he used to say, with a knowing wink, when he handed in his gifts to Mary. "'Ow's the guvnur to-day? You tell 'im from me to keep a stiff hupper lip. Lor' bless ye, don't ye look like that. The guvnur 'll be as right as a trivet, hif 'e'll on'y keep a stiff hupper lip. An' that 'e'll do, I'll go bail—so yer needn't be a-cryin' yer heyes hout. The guvnur's game, for all he's so quiet. You tell 'im it was me as said so. The guvnur's a great hopinion o' me," Bill would add with a grin. "Hif 'e 'adn't, I wouldn't trust 'im as I do—to be paid when called for, Mary."

Old Carrots and her Span'el also did all they could for the Waples. Katie had looked upon Cissy, the owner of a doll and a tumbling monkey, as girls on a higher rung of life's ladder who have no fortune look upon an heiress. Katie had also a vivid recollection of the Christmas fire in front of which she had basked, and the sumptuous Christmas feast of boiled pork and plum-pudding *ad libitum* of which she had partaken at the Waples'. Moreover, Mr. Waple was a kind of almost divine personage in Katie's estimation, because he had saved her from being run over; the mystery to her was how such a demi-god could have allowed himself to be knocked down and disabled; altogether, Katie looked upon the Waples as "superior persons," far above her sphere. She, therefore, was greatly astonished when Granny began to talk about poor Waple, poor, dear, good man! An' his poor dear gals! Poor dears, poor dears!"

"What's the matter wi' 'em, Granny?" asked puzzled Katie. "Is it the small-pox, or is't a fever? Sam Comber's mother's got the typ'us. She's to be took away to the horspittle to-morrer."

"Ay, an' *he*'d ha' got that, if 'e'd been about, poor, dear, good man. If 'e'd been hisself he wouldn't ha' let Mrs. Comber lay wi'out a soul to look arter her, as her 'usband do, though young Sam does the best he can, poor boy. But what can a boy do, an' him out keepin' his father an' mother 'most all day long? 'E's a good boy, is Sam. It's wonderful what a change there is in that boy since Mr. Waple got a 'old upon 'im. He was the howdaciousest young wagabone goin', an' now *he* never merlests us, do 'e, Katie? No, nor he won't let the other boys when he's by. He's a good boy now, is Sam. But we was talkin' about poor, dear, good Mr. Waple, Katie. 'Tain't typ'us. I'm afeared that poor, dear, good man an' his dear gals—she's a dear little girl, is Cissy, an' Mary's real good, too, though she is so stiff an' stuck-up a bit—I'm afeared they hain't got enough to eat."

"Lor, Granny!" exclaimed Katie, opening eyes of dismayed astonishment as wide as those a city man would open if he were suddenly informed, on good authority, that the Bank of England had stopped payment.

"But 'ow do you know, Granny?" she added, brightening up. "You can't see what they've got. Last time we was in, Mr. Waple give me a bit o' saveloy, because I said I was 'ungry."

"An' you shouldn't ha' said so, Katie, an' you shouldn't ha' taken it from 'im as 'ad saved your life."

"But I *was* 'ungry, Granny, an' tworn't much."

"You shouldn't ha' done it, Katie. I hain't got eyes to see, but I've got ears to hear. Let alone what I 'ear from the neighbours, it's enough for me to hear Mary a-talkin'. She's stiffer than she used to be, but she ain't so stuck-up. Leastways, she's more stuck-up, but you can tell it's all put on. An' that poor little Cissy, that was al'ays a-laughin'; she hain't got sperrit now to give a laugh. 'Ow are ye?' says she, as grave as if she was as old as me. An' that poor, dear, good man—he'd try to talk cheery if he was a-dyin'—an' so he might, for he'd be a-goin' to 'eaven; but I can tell 'ow 'tis—they're next door to starvin', Katie."

"Lor, Granny! If you'd told me afore, I'd ha' took Cis 'alf my supper. I don't like to take her this—there's sich a little on it left, an' then there's Mr. Waple an' Mary 'sides Cis. What shall us do, Granny?"

"You finish your supper, Katie, while I'm thinkin'."

Whilst Katie munched the rest of her crust, the old woman went on with the stocking she was knitting, stopping every now and then to give her undivided attention to the problem that was perplexing her. At last she said,—

"Now, lookee 'ere, Katie. If there was one less of 'em for him to feed, that 'ud be a 'elp to Mr. Waple, good man. Willin' we'd say, 'You let Cis come an' live along wi' us, Mr. Waple, till you're about agin,' if we could, wouldn't we, Katie? But I've been a-turnin' of it over in my mind, an' I don't see as we could manage that, try as we might. But I do think as we could take her hevery other day, if we was to go short a bit; an' you wouldn't mind doin' that for Cis an' Mr. Waple, would ye, Katie?"

"I'd be a bad gal hif I did, Granny; shall I go an' fetch her now? an' then she can sleep with us to-night—what larks!"

"No, Katie, I wasn't thinkin' o' Cis comin' to sleep 'ere. She wouldn't like to be took right away from her father like that, an' she 'elp to keep Mary warm o' nights. Poor dears! They hain't got as much to kiver 'em now as we've got, Katie, an' them as used to 'ave heverything so nice. No, I'll go to speak to Mr. Waple to-morrer mornin'. An' now you say your prayers, Katie—it's time you was a-bed."

Next morning, accordingly, Old Carrots made her appearance at Jude's door.

"'Ow's your father, deary? I'd like to speak to him," she said to Mary.

"Good-mornin', Granny," said Jude, as the old woman entered his room. "I hain't a chair to offer ye just now, but set ye down upon the bed."

"Ah, poor dear," answered Old Carrots, "if you was on'y hout on it, I'd be a 'appy woman. You won't mind what I'm a-goin' to say, will yer, Mr. Waple?"

"I can't say till you tell me what it is, Granny."

"Ah, that's your funny way—as I was a-sayin' to my Katie last night, 'Katie,' says I, 'if that poor, dear, good man was a-dyin' he'd try to talk cheery.' For all that, I can make out that thinx isn't with you as they used to was, if you won't mind me a-sayin' so, Mr. Waple, an' you saved my little gal's life, an' me an' Katie is wery grateful to you, Mr. Waple, an' yet we never done nuffink for ye, Mr. Waple, an' I was a-thinkin' it 'ud be a change for my Katie if your Cissy'd come an' take her grub wi' us afore we go hout in the mornin', and when we comes

'ome—say hevery other day, Mr. Waple, an' we'd begin to-day. My Katie's older than Cissy, but she hain't 'ad your dear little gal's adwantages, an' she's uncommon fond of 'er, an' so 'twould do Katie good if they was more together."

And so having spoken, Old Carrots secretly chuckled, thinking that she had most diplomatically disguised her wish to do Jude a kindness.

"You're a real good soul, Granny," answered the blacksmith. "Don't you think as I don't see what you're drivin' at! It's Cis an' us you're a-thinkin' of just now, not your little Katie, pretty lass. For Cissy's sake I'd say yes an' thankful for it, if you'll understand that I'm to pay ye back soon's ever I can; if I was only sure you wouldn't be a-pinchin' yourselves to feed my little girl. How much now, Granny, if you don't mind tellin', do you make a day?"

To make Jude's mind easy, Granny magnified the truth most outrageously. I think, however—to borrow a beautiful conceit—the Recording Angel let fall a tear upon the fault, which blotted it out forever. At any rate, Granny was not at all troubled in her conscience when she carried Cissy off to breakfast. When the old woman went out she gave her little guest a bit of bread for dinner, and when she came home she called for the little girl, and carried her off to sup on milkless tea, bread, and herring: Old Carrots and Katie both cheerfully giving up Cissy's third of the meagre rations, which were really not enough for two. And every other day, for three or four weeks, Cissy took her place at Old Carrots' scantily supplied but most genuinely hospitable board (it was literally a board—an old ironing board, propped on the window-seat, and a worm-eaten trestle).

Then Dot took Cissy in hand.

"Look ere, Mr. Waple," said Dot to Jude one night when his daughters were in the outer room, "I'm not a-goin' to reproach ye because yer didn't take my adwice. That's done an' can't be mended, an' I on'y 'ope it'll teach yer a lesson. Them as is wise in their own conceits is pretty sure to come to grief. Because yer was a big strong feller yer made little o' what I said to yer; but I ain't a-goin' to bring that up agin yer, Mr. Waple. I ain't so big as you, Mr. Waple. I know that well enough; but there, I can git about, an' you're a-layin' in bed, big as ye are, jist because yer wouldn't follow my adwice. But I ain't the man to be 'ard on a chap when 'e's down. I told yer what yer ought to do, an' yer didn't do it—jist the contrairy—an' there's a hend on it. You was hobstinit, Mr. Waple, an' that yer can't deny. But I won't say as it was yer fault—p'r'aps 'twas yer misfortun'. Fackilties doesn't run by sizes. As the poet says, Mr. Waple—

> Was I so tall to reach the pole,
> And graps the hocean wi' a span,
> I must be measured by my soul.
> The *mind's* the standud o' the *man*.

Them as 'as got fackilties puts 'em to a bad use when they looks down on them as 'asn't. They should 'elp 'em—that's what them as 'as got the fackilties should ought to do. I wish it was more in my power to 'elp ye, Mr. Waple, for you've been a good friend to me, an' there ain't a man as I've more respec' for, fackilties or no fackilties—which goes in a scramble like—them as 'as got 'em don't make 'alf the use of 'em they might—them as hain't got 'em would do a deal more wi' 'em, I fancy, if they *'ad* got 'em. Leastways, Mr. Waple, that's my hopinion o' yerself. A better-meanin' man I don't think there never was—an' there, ye're a-layin' on yer back, jest because yer wouldn't foller my adwice.

"But I won't say nuffink more about that. It's your little gal I want to talk to ye about, Mr. Waple. If that poor little dear was a-doin' sumfink she'd be 'appier than she is

now, stickin' at 'ome, frettin' 'er pretty heyes hout hover ye, Mr. Waple. If you'd been as you was, Mr. Waple, I should never ha' thought o' sich a think, an' I 'ope yer won't be offended by my mentionin' on it now. An' the streets is the last place I'd send a little gal to git 'er livin' in, if she could do better. But lookee 'ere. Mr. Waple—I don't want to poke my nose where it's no business, but a man as 'as fackilties can't 'elp a-usin' on 'em, an' I'm afeared pennies isn't so plenty wi' ye, Mr. Waple, as shillin's was when ye were yer hown man. So lookee 'ere, Mr. Waple, if you'll let your little gal go out sellin' along wi' me, I'll see that she don't come to no 'arm, an' it'll please 'er, pretty dear, to be able to bring ye 'ome a few coppers."

So Dot started Cissy in the match trade, and took her with him on his rounds, diminishing his own receipts considerably in order to make hers the larger, and watching over her with most jealous care.

When Jude continued to get worse instead of better, poor Soft Sally's life lost the only blink of brightness it had ever had. As soon as she was up in the morning she started to inquire how he was, and when she came home in the evening she hung about his house like a dog.

"Now you go an' lay ye down, Mary," she would say. "I can do that, an' you look as if yer was a-goin' to faint. I'll set 'ere as quiet as a mouse, an' call ye if Mr. Waple wants anyfink as I can't git 'im."

And then, when she had finished whatever little household job she had snatched out of Mary's hands, Soft Sally would almost push her into her own room, and, sitting down in the front room, would wait patiently for an hour or two watching Jude with dog-like eyes, in the hope that he might need her fetching and carrying services.

But Soft Sally was sore at heart because she could not give Jude anything. When Perliteful Bill left two or three herrings at the door, or some woman or other came across the court with "a sup o' broth as she thought the master might like," Sally almost cried with envy at the comparative wealth which enabled them to make presents to her hero. Goggles generally brought his newspaper to Jude on the Monday, and when Soft Sally found that reading the newspaper amused him, a bright thought struck her. She begged old newspapers and scraps of newspaper right and left from the street-sellers of her acquaintance. These papers were almost all more or less fragmentary; Sally could not get them until they had become so stained and grease-blotched as to be almost illegible, and, therefore, of course their news was somewhat stale; but Sally did not trouble her head about chronology. So long as she could get tolerably big parcels of these oleaginous, scarred, antiquated, almost undecipherable fragments of "the usual organs of intelligence," she came back again with rejoicing to Star Court, bringing her sheaves with her. "There, Mr. Waple," she used to say, "there's some more on 'em, but ye must be a scholard to ha' got through all them as I brought ye afore, Mr. Waple."

CHAPTER XIII.

MATES TO THE RESCUE.

I was round at old Jude's last night," George Grimes said one day to his mates at the smithy.

"Courtin' his gal," sneered Waspy.

"I wasn't doin' nothin' o' the sort. Poor gal, she's got somethin' else to think about 'sides courtin'. Old Jude's downright bad, an' they look as if they 'adn't enough to eat."

"You don't say that, George?" exclaimed Alec Brown. "Why, I thought Jude had got a old stockin'-ful put by somewheres"

"He hain't 'ad much chance to

do that, Alec. That poor gal of 'is 'as al'ays been a-ailin', and when you pay for doctorin' it runs away with money; an' old Jude would never stint 'er of anything he thought she'd 'ave a fancy for, an' 'e's been a free-'anded chap to other folks, too."

"Well, let them he's 'elped 'elp 'im now," said Waspy. "'Tain't my business."

"If you was on'y to git 'elp from them you've 'elped, Waspy, you'd be in a bad way, if you come to grief," growled Alec. "What shall we do, George?"

"Well, so far I can make out, they'll be on the parish soon, if they don't git money somewheres, an' that'll jest be the death of 'em. I was thinkin' we might make so much a week between us, an' make believe to lend it to 'em. Jude 'ud sooner take a gift from us than the parish, I don't doubt, but he's a hindependent old boy, an' so we could make believe we was lendin' 'em the money, to be paid back when quite convenient. If we was to work overtime a bit, five on us, we could make enough to keep 'em goin', an' not feel it. You other chaps has got families, but me an' Waspy's bachelors, so we'll give two bob to your one."

"Don't yer wish yer may git it?" said Waspy. "What's 'ecuba to me, or me to 'ecuba? There ain't no love lost between Waple an' me, an' I ain't a-goin' to slave an' waste my tin on 'im. It's all very well for you, George. You're sweet on 'is gal, but I ain't, an' I don't see why I shud 'elp yer in yer courtin'."

Alec and the other two journeymen, however, heartily accepted George's suggestion. The master-smith, having just then a plethora of orders on hand, was glad enough to get his men to work overtime, and when he learnt the purpose of their work, promised to supplement their contribution towards the Waples' support with a weekly sum, which quite covered Waspy's deficiency. Late into the night the forges roared and the anvils gave forth their shriller music. The red and golden glow, the rich, deep roar, the merry music of the anvils, the lavish showers of sparks, all seemed in harmony with the hearts of the brawny fellows who were giving up their leisure to aid their crippled brother-craftsman.

When pay-day came, Waspy's receipts, of course, were smaller than the other journeymen's, but he chuckled as he pocketed them.

"There," he said, "I 'aven't been at work nigh so long this week as you fellers 'ave, but I've got as much to my own cheek—if ye're really goin' to give the Methodist yer hextries, which I 'ave my doubts about."

"Ye're a scurf, Waspy," growled Alec, laying down his additional earnings; and the other three followed his example. The master added his contribution, and there was just enough to keep the Waples "going."

"An' George'll take it, of course," sneered Waspy, "an' make out he did it all, to creep up the gal's sleeve—what softs you fellers are!"

"I'll punch yer 'ead if you don't shut up," thundered Grimes. "I ain't goin' to take it to 'em. Alec is."

So late on the Saturday evening Alec made his appearance in Star Court. Mary looked rather disappointed when she saw that there was no one with him.

"George would ha' come, my dear, but that little beast of a Waspy's been chaffin' 'im about yer," said Alec in reply to her look.

"I didn't say anything about anybody, Georges or no Georges, Mr. Brown. I don't know what you're a-talkin' about, Mr. Brown," answered Mary in a huff.

"Well, my dear, I want to see yer father—I 'ope he's mendin'."

"No, he ain't, Mr. Brown—he's as bad as bad can be, an' he's gettin'

worse, an' what's to 'come of us, I don't know;" and Mary began to cry.

"Don't do that—you'll spile yer pretty eyes, an' George'll say it's my fault," said gallant Alec, almost ready to cry himself. "I'll go in an' see yer father."

Cicely was sitting by her father's bed, holding her father's hand. She gave such a loud "Hush!" when Alec came in that Jude woke up.

"Oh, it's you, old fellow," he said, smiling and coughing. "It was good of ye to come."

"Little un, do you like rock—pine-apple rock?" said Alec to Cicely. "There's a chap in the street sellin' it like wildfire, an' 'ere's a penny—you go an' git a penn'orth afore 'e's sold it all."

Cicely clutched the penny, and ran out of the room. Poor pinched little thing, she looked as if she wanted something more satisfying than pine-apple rock.

"Look 'ere, Jude," said Alec, when she was gone, "we didn't know how bad you was till George told us a week ago. He's a good feller, is George. I ought to ha' come to see ye orfener, but I didn't know 'ow bad you was, Jude. Well, George told us 'ow bad you was, an' as we've got hovertime now—it was George as put us up to it—we're goin' to lend ye a little money hevery week, Jude, till ye can git about agin. There's no hobligation, old man. We makes more than we did, an' you can pay us back jest when it's conwenient. If you'd been up an' about, you'd ha' been makin' more than ye did, an' 'tain't fair yer shu'dn't be gittin' yer whack of what's goin'. You can pay us back when you like, old man, and then there'll be no thanks for ye to give to nobody."

So having spoken, Alec put down the clubbed "hextries" on the quilt, and hurried out with a—

"Good-night, old feller; you'll be as sound as a roach afore long, if yer keep yer pluck up."

It is easy to do a kindness when one gets excitement out of it—a charity performance at a theatre is pretty sure to draw a full house, absurd prices are given for gim-cracks at bazaars to pretty sales-women; but Alec and his mates went on working for the Waples long after their benevolence had lost the gloss of novelty.

MY DISCONTENT.

BY CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

I COULD content myself to be one drop
  Among the myriad drops that swell the breast
  Of life's full sea, if I might ride the crest
Of some proud wave that none can overtop;

If I might catch the sun's sweet morning light,
  When swift he mounts into the day's cool space,
  And paint his tinted clouds upon my face,
And wear the stars upon my breast at night.

But, oh, to lie a hundred fathoms deep,
  Down in a cold, dim cavern of the sea,
  Where no sun-ray can ever come to me,
Where shadows dwell and sightless creatures creep;

To gaze forever up, with straining eyes,
  To where God's day illumes the shining sands.
  To grope, and strive, and reach with pallid hands,
Yet never see the light, and never rise!

I should go mad, but for a still, small voice,
  A pitying voice, that sometimes says to me,
  "It takes so many drops to fill life's sea,
Ye cannot all have places of your choice."

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER VII.

FAREWELL! FAREWELL!

RALPH KEMP had now abstained from strong drink for a longer period than ever before in Letty's recollection, and for the first time hope of his permanent reform entered into her heart. Heretofore he had mourned much that he had fallen, but had never seemed to make effort toward restoration; he had been, like Ephraim, thoroughly joined to his idols.

Faith had no share in Letty's new hopes; her keener eyes detected already the symptoms of relapse—the moodiness and restlessness, the inertia. She expected every hour that he would disappear to the town and be gone for several days.

She understood the reason of his recent abstinence; he had not been willing that Kenneth Julian should see him intoxicated. She knew that that his self-restraint had been for her sake; and she felt a certain gratitude that he cared enough for her to use even that much denial for her; and she gave a bitter smile when she reflected how idle and ridiculous were the plans of her father in her behalf. Poor father! to base his dreams on a slight acquaintance with the guest of a summer, who in a few days would be gone forever and forget even their names!

Faith was not indulging in any foolish and baseless ideas, but there was something pathetic even in the absurdity of her father's schemes. And now the summer waned and the first day of autumn had come, and soon the beach would be left to the few who lived near it the year round.

"I hate to leave this place," said Kenneth, sitting on Faith's rocks and skipping little pebbles out over the water, as the tide was high and the sea calm. "I think this is one of the most restful and serenely beautiful places I ever saw. It just suits you, Miss Faith."

"That shows how very little you know about me," said Faith. "I am not restful or serene, and as for this place, it does not suit me at all; I hate it. It seems all very well for the bright, warm summer days, but consider what it is in the long, cold desolation of the winter. Not a person in sight except ourselves, scarcely a bird even alive upon the beach; no variety, no interests, nothing but stitch, stitch, stitch, Letty in her window and I in mine."

"I can understand that that must be terrible," said Kenneth. "Was it wise for you to come and bury yourselves in this out-of-the-way place?"

"It was all that we could do. We could not pay the rents or get the clothing fit for the city. We realized that what few old friends were left were tired of seeing us there. For ourselves, we could not endure to have our father disordered and intoxicated upon the streets before those who had known him as a man of large attainments and promise. We could do nothing with our terrible shame but come here and bury it. Oh, just as you cannot guess how bitter the winters are here in the cheerless silence, so you cannot guess how terrible is the lot of a drunkard's family."

Faith's eyes were full of tears, her lips trembled, her hands lay idle in her lap, holding the dainty work which she could not see to continue.

"Miss Faith," said Kenneth gently, "I know this is very terrible, very

hard for you to bear, but yours is not the only story of this kind. How many other families are bearing the same burden! How often it happens that the men that fall into this sin are the brightest, most generous, genial, lovable natures! Their very virtues have betrayed them. Such men and their families have the warmest sympathies of those who know them. The burden of the sorrow of it is very great, but do you not exaggerate the burden of the disgrace? Perhaps it was not well for you to sacrifice yourself for the sake of trying to hide your father."

"As things were, it was just as dreadful to be in the city as it is to be here. But here I feel narrowed and imprisoned, chained! I feel as if I vegetate, as if my mind dwarfs and warps daily!"

"Why do you stay?" said Kenneth. "In the city you could find more congenial ways of making money than you have here. You might be a governess, you get on so well with children. Richard cannot find words enough to praise you. If you were with nice people who would be good to you, you could have all the advantages of the city—the lectures, concerts, churches, libraries; you could help your sister also."

"But I could not leave her alone!" cried Faith. "Do you suppose I could ever go away, even for twenty-four hours, and leave poor little Letty here? She has enough to bear in this world without my desertion. And Letty would not leave father, and I would not; after all he is our father, and we have our duty towards him to do; and I don't believe happiness could ever come in shirking duty."

"You are right," said Kenneth. "If Letty must stay here, I don't see how you could leave her. But if it is your lot to stay here, Miss Faith, I think you must brace up and make the best you can out of it."

"I don't see what that best is," said Faith. "More lace? I fill all my orders;" and she picked up her work again.

"Perhaps you make too much lace. Man doth not live by bread alone. Perhaps in this treadmill life you are neglecting some ways in which you could help and encourage yourself. Give yourself more time for reading. I have heard you say you used to be fond of French. Take it up again and get interested in it. My sister and I read French together. We have plenty of books, and after we read them once or twice they are not read again. We can send you all you want of them."

"I don't want any of them," said Faith, "thank you. If I want any books, my father can get Greek proof-reading to do, and take his pay in books. He said he could, and would."

"By all means have him do it, then," said Kenneth. "Brush up your French, try Italian, give yourself fresh intellectual outlook. It will occupy your mind and keep you from brooding. Besides, the day may come when you will need to use all the mental training you have. If anything should happen to your father, you could take your sister to the city and take care of her. And do you really get nowhere and see nobody all winter?"

"Nowhere; hardly even to church. The nearest church is three miles off. Roads and weather need to be good for one to take that walk, and I must go alone; Letty cannot walk so far, and father will not go. We are off any carriage road, and no one comes out here. We invite nobody, and want nobody. Winter before last the minister came out once. Last year they had no minister at the church, only supplies. Last winter Kiah Kibble was the only person who entered our house, except Luke Folsom, to see father about lobsters once or twice. I wonder we do not get so stupid and awkward, Letty and I, that we do not know how to

behave before people when we do see them!"

Kenneth laughed. "Awkwardness was not born in you. But this winter, when Patty and I are enjoying anything, I shall think of you and wish you could share it. But keep your courage up; I don't think you are one of the world's disinherited ones: some good will open for you by-and-bye. Only you know you can break down health and spirits by allowing yourself to brood and be discouraged. You must get books and read them to yourself and aloud, and you and Letty must sing. Perhaps the reading and singing will be a help to your father. Once I set myself as a task to see what God did to train his great workers and servants, and I found one of his chief expedients was to send them into the desert. Did you ever notice that? Moses went into the lonely desert of Midian and kept sheep there for forty years, almost a lifetime of our modern fashions. Elijah apparently was for many years a lonely recluse, waiting until God had his work ready for him. David kept sheep on the Judæan hills, and learned to govern the people by guiding and guarding his flock. John the Baptist tarried in the desert until his manhood came; our Lord himself grew up in the silence and obscurity of a remote village. I think it is not where we are or how we are situated that need make the difference: it is the using well the place where God puts us."

"And could you have put all this sound philosophy in practice if your lot had been a hard one?" said Faith. "Your life has been very easy."

"I know it has; and of course I cannot tell what I should do if I were tried. I might fail just where I should be strong. But the theory is a good one, no matter what my practice might be."

It was surely pleasanter to sit out here on the rocks and talk with Kenneth as she worked than to be alone there all day making her lace; or to sit by Letty in the little house on the beach. She and Letty seemed to have so little to talk about, their lives were so narrow, and they grew silent in the miserable routine. A chat with Kenneth or a visit from the lively Richard had been something to look forward to.

And now Richard had come up to say good-bye and to protest that he hated to go, and the beach was twice as nice as the city, and he had never seen anyone half as nice as his mermaid. He could not even say if he would be back next summer: mamma didn't know. Would his dear mermaid come and visit him in the city for Christmas?

"No, indeed," said Faith; "what would Letty do then? You must keep Christmas without me."

"Patty is very nice," said Richard, "but she doesn't come up with you. She doesn't understand fishing or crabs."

And then Kenneth had come up to say good-bye, and had left with father an armful of books, and had shaken hands and wished them well and was gone.

"When is he coming back?" asked father.

"Never, I suppose," said Faith. "People tire of out-of-the-way places like this in a summer and go somewhere else. Only those stay that must."

"And you and Letty stay here because of me," said father. "I should have built up your fortunes, but I have pulled them down."

"We are all right and happy," said Letty heartily, "so long as you are good. You will not touch that terrible poison again now, will you?"

"It is idle, child, to count on me. Do you know how weak I am? Do you know what this craving thirst is? I withstand more temptation in a week than you and Faith will need to in your whole lives."

"Yes, father; but God is able to supply all your need; he will make you strong. Father, it is but holding firm hour by hour. Ask God to keep you this hour, and when that is over, for the next and the next, and so, hour by hour, for all the time."

"What a life!" cried Ralph. "What a martyrdom! Hanging over the edge of a precipice, and the only hope or prospect just to hold firm, minute by minute more! What is such a life worth?"

"And how much is our life worth here?" said Faith wearily. The bitterness about her father's case was that he did not want to try. "I wish," said Faith, "that Kiah Kibble's prophecies would come true now at once, and the world be all made over. In a reign of righteousness, a new world, with no poison made or sold, you and a great many more would be safe and happy. All the opportunities of the world for good would be open to you, and none for evil."

"You do not seem to consider that some of us would not fit a regenerated world any more than we should fit heaven. There would be nothing in common between us and it. I look back to days when I devoted myself to study and the duties of my class-room. All my interests and acquaintances were with literature and literary people. I enjoyed them then, but now I cannot see why or how I did. I have lost mental spring; the desire, the possibility of the former life are gone. Oh! I've had people talk to me and argue with me; the old friends used to do it. They applied logic to allay a raving thirst! They said I could, and I should; that to choose the base was unworthy, when the high and noble might rather be chosen.

"The temperance people now come to you and tell you how bad your state is. Don't you know it better than they can tell it? How dangerous, how wicked, how miserable! Yes; that is all well known. They tell you what you must do to reform; they ignore the fact that you have destroyed in yourself the possibility of preference for reform. And when you can't and won't follow their advice, as says Cicero in 'De Officiis,' 'folding up the rays of their illumination, as one folds up a fan, they dedicate you to the demon, and abandon you to night.' And that is where I belong, I suppose—too weak too be good, and too wicked to want to be good."

Faith was looking out over the sea in an apathy of gloom. If these were father's views, what was the prospect but to sink lower and lower with each passing year? Why strive? why not just drift?

Poor Letty was crying. She did not want to cry; when father was in one of these moods her tears angered him. He caught up his hat and went off with long steps, his head held down, a certain dogged determination for evil in his face.

Letty and Faith looked at each other.

"O Letty!" cried Faith, "why, why, why, why have we this hard lot?"

"'What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter,'" said Letty. "The time will come, Faith dear, when we shall see the why and the need-be of it all."

"You might make me feel that about sorrows, but not about sins," said Faith. "I know 'God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man.' Father's way is not God's way."

"But, Faith, we did not have the control of father's life; we did not choose our father. Here we are; we had nothing to do with it. For us it is sorrow and not sin, and all there is for us to do is just to trust God, and follow the way of duty step by step."

She was silent for a while, her face resting on her hand. Faith knew that she was praying. Then with a calm look she took up her

work again. She had left all in her heavenly Father's keeping.

"It is all well enough for Letty to wait," thought Faith. "She cannot do anything else, poor little soul! But I am strong; I can act." Then aloud: "I will go after father, Letty, and help him against himself. I can overtake him; I walk faster than he does."

"He may be angry and—cross to you," faltered Letty.

"No, he won't; he is sober still. And anyway he would not dare."

So Faith went after her father. When she reached the ledge of rocks he was not to be seen along the beach. Where was he? She wondered that he had gone so fast as to be out of sight. Presently, as she looked here and there, she saw a figure rising from the long grass along a low ravine and moving toward a wooded hollow, half a mile away. It was father. Not on the road to town! What was he doing there? Faith pursued the way he had taken, going swiftly to come up with him, and at last entered the woods.

It was very peaceful in there. The warm sun of September brought out the spicy odours of sweet fern, candleberry, fir, juniper, and pine. The shadows overhead were flecked with sunlight; beneath, the tawny pine-needles carpeted the ground, and here and there aster or golden-rod lit the lower shadows as with a star. The birds were busy there; the jays chattered, the catbird called, here perched a robin in his red vest, there a woodpecker, in red, white and black, whirled about a tree. Up and down the trunks red squirrels or striped chipmunks ran. Faith dearly loved this wood. There was a hollow in it—a moss-lined spot—where a delicious spring bubbled up clear and cold. She seldom had time to come here and enjoy these beauties, and then she must have come alone, as Letty could not have walked so far, and walking alone in the woods was not so pleasant.

But where was her father? She could see nothing of him? She held her way to the spring. There he sat on the ground, his back toward her, bent a little forward. Suddenly a fear seized her. What was he doing there? Something was wrong. She spoke out loudly:

"Father!"

He started, turned—his left arm was laid bare, and as he turned Faith saw a wound and a red stream. She sprang forward and dropping on her knees cried:

"Father! father! what is this?"

"At last I have found courage to die," said he. "So the old Stoics died; so Seneca died, having opened his veins."

Meanwhile Faith had found her handkerchief and had pulled from her neck a narrow black ribbon. She bound the ribbon tightly about his arm, twisted it closer by means of a little twig, scooped from the spring her hat full of water and poured it on the cut arm. "You have not cut an artery," she said. "This is not serious. Here, let me bandage it with my handkerchief. O father! father! what has possessed you to do such a wicked deed?"

"Why did you come, Faith? If your voice had not startled me, I should have reached the artery, and in a little time all would have been over in a painless death."

"In a terrible and shameful sin, father, for which there would be no time for repentance. Could you go before God with self-murder on your soul? Oh, why, why did you try this?"

"I cannot hold it sin to take my life," said Ralph. "It came to me without my consent; it is my heavy burden; it is a hindrance and an injury to you and Letty. I could not find courage to live. My life is miserable, and I have a right to divest myself of it; it is my own."

"This is cowardice," said Faith.

"You admit that yourself, father. And your own Stoics can tell you better things. Have they not written that man is God's soldier, placed by Him at the post of duty, and he has no right to lay down his arms or vacate his post, except when God gives the word? Stand on guard, father, you must, until the Captain relieves you. Any soldier knows that."

"Down yonder in the grass," said Ralph, "I lay on my face for a little and thought it out. I am a curse to you and myself. It is better for me to die. You and Letty would have cried over it, but you could not have helped it."

"No," said Faith, looking him firmly in the eyes, "we could not have helped going through life pointed at as the suicide's children, with people hinting that this was hereditary, and that we would sometime take the same way out of our troubles. What kindness would that be to us, father?"

Ralph slowly shook his head. "You think," he said, "I go back to drink as to a joy, to a pleasure, an indulgence that I love. You are mistaken, Faith. I go as one dragged by a strong chain, hating my bondage, unable to resist. Well has the Bible said, 'Strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink it.' It is bitter as gall to me. It fills me with madness and a burning pain, and always adds to my horrible weight of unrest. I tell you, Faith, sin is the chastisement of sin. The sinner carries in himself his penalty. To-day I came here to be freed at last of myself."

"You could not, father. Were your body lying here cold and still, you would yet be consciously yourself, through all eternity. Give me your hand. I am going to kneel here and ask God to grant me for you this one thing, that you shall not die by your own hand."

And having prayed, Faith, weeping, led her prodigal father home.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN WINTER SWEEPS THE SEA.

By the moonlight falling through the little window of their bedroom in the gable, Faith saw a small white-robed figure slipping out of bed and going gently down the stair. This was Letty, and Faith knew why she was wakeful and where she was going. But Faith neither stirred nor spoke; she knew that Letty preferred to suppose her to be asleep, and so she seemed to be. Father, also wakeful in his back room below stairs, saw his door swing silently open and the short, white figure stand as one listening. He spoke:

"Letty, child, why are you here?"

Letty stole across the floor and sat down on the side of the bed, passing her hand gently over father's face. Since father had been living soberly it had been safe to put back various bits of furniture into his room. It was still a bare little place—they were so very poor—but Letty and Faith had done their best, and there was a big braided mat on the floor and a muslin curtain at the window and a white counterpane over the bed. Letty sat on the side of the bed.

"Father! you won't do it again, will you?"

"Is it that which kept you awake, poor child? No; I will not try to take my own life again. If that, as Faith says, will make things worse for you, I will bide my time. But, Letty, in a case like mine, life itself becomes as heavy a punishment as can be borne. If Cain felt as I do, I should think he would have wanted everyone that found him to kill him! The very powers of the mind that are intended for our comfort and pleasure become our torment—memory, for instance. I have been lying here cursed by remembrances. I thought of my bright boyhood, my early home, my first success, of your mother, of the fair promise of our life, and then how in a few years all

this was changed and devastated by my sin! I contrasted what I am with what we all might have been but for me. Your mother might still have been alive, in a home worthy of her; you, Letty, would have been as tall and strong and beautiful as Faith. And both of you would have had all that can make life fair. And I have bartered all this for what? For pleasure? for any good? for a selfish joy? No; I have sold my life for naught, and have not increased my wealth by its price. What have I gained by sinning but continuous misery, shame, degradation, loss, despair? No need to tell me that sin is a hard taskmaster, and its wages death. I have tried it. What is this cruel habit which drags a man down until living is a continual hell? Why should a man be as I am now, when he might have been like the angels that excel in strength? Letty, God's Nazarites have the best of it both in this world and in the world to come. Righteousness is gain in this life as well as the next. Why can't people see it that way?"

His tone was high and excited. He tossed on his pillow; his head and hands were hot. Letty passed her hand over his heated face. "I made you a pitcher of lemonade this afternoon, and have kept it cool for you," she said. "I will bring it."

She went into the kitchen and came back, then held the pitcher to her father's lips. "Drink all you can, father; it will do you good."

"You are like a ministering angel to me, my poor little Letty. I have been the prey of a demon, and you have done all you can to fight the demon; but it is of no use, Letty; he is too strong for both of us. I wonder how much I am to blame about it, child. Did I have some terrible inheritance that I could not help, could not overcome? I think there have been times when I tried. And then that weakness of my will —that was the most cruel inheritance of all. Sometimes I think I have been insane about this thing and am not responsible. I know very well that in keeping God's commandments there is great reward. Then why didn't I keep them? I wanted to, I think. Am I to blame?"

"You ask me questions too hard for me, father. Try to go to sleep."

"Parents should be very careful about what inheritance they give to their children. Suppose some one of my ancestors loaded me with this drink curse; he will have much to answer for. And there is Hugh," continued father, with excitement.

Yes, there was Hugh. Letty often thought about him, the jolly, kind-hearted boy. Was he, like his father, to drag a lengthened chain?

Kemp lay muttering to himself. Where Hugh was, or what he was doing, Letty did not know, but they were both in God's hands and so not so very far asunder; and though no words of hers, of love, warning, or entreaty, could reach Hugh, her prayers could enter into the ear of God and have power with Him who holds the hearts of all men in His hands.

"I'll sing for you, father, and you will try to go to sleep," she said.

And Faith, awake and mournful in the one room overhead, heard Letty softly singing:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is found for your faith in His excellent Word."

Next day Ralph Kemp was feverish and gloomy, and did not rise from his bed. He said he was sick, but wanted nothing. Faith walked over to the village to get lemons for him and beef to make him some broth. Then as she had no lace to make she took *The Goblin* and Kiah Kibble's boy, at low tide and they rowed up the beach to a little cove where oysters were found, and dug a few to cook for her father.

Kiah Kibble was on the sand

waiting for them when they came back. He noticed Faith's despondent face. "Keep up heart, Miss Faith," he said; "the time hastens on, and before long this troubled age will have passed away and all evil will vanish and only good be known."

"It will take a long time to get rid of all this evil that is here now, I think," said Faith; "and a good many of the people in the world are no more fit for the new age than for heaven."

"At the worst," replied Kiah, "life passes quickly, and when you reach my age you will find that all these troubles you are having seem light and short when you look back on them."

"Even that thought doesn't cheer me up," said Faith. "I want some good here and now: and years do not seem short to me, but even days seem very long;" and she picked up her little pail of oysters.

Kiah, looking at her, straight and strong and full of health and youthful vigour, as she stood there in her canvas shoes, her leather gloves, rough dress and hat and long apron of ticking, her outfit for oystering, scalloping, or fishing, thought that so much strength and beauty should make its own good cheer and that the life before her was surely long enough for much good to be in it.

"Don't you be down-hearted, Miss Faith," he said kindly. "The good will come into your life before you know it. Live up to your name. There is nothing like faith to keep the heart easy."

"I've been idle too much lately," said Faith, as she carried her oysters homeward. "I must have more work to keep me from brooding; and then we are getting terribly short of money, and even such shabby clothes as Letty and I wear give out and must be replenished. If I don't have orders by to-morrow, I must make work for myself somehow. I wonder if I could make anything by going out cranberry-picking?"

She stood on the dune behind Kiah Kibble's shop and looked toward the big marsh. The cranberry-picking had begun. It was a bright scene that the afternoon sun lit up, and Faith paused to enjoy it. The green marsh was scattered over with groups of pickers, men, women, and children. The old refuse clothing of the year is reserved for the picking, and a gay assortment of odds and ends of many wardrobes appears on the marshes. Pink, blue, and green sun-bonnets; plaid and red shawls; all colours of calico or flannel gowns; blue and white and scarlet ends of neck scarfs fluttering in the breeze; red and blue flannel shirts; green and yellow and red flannel petticoats over which light-coloured cotton gowns are kilted high. The tin pails shine in the sun; the new barrels take a pale primrose-yellow tint. Along the edge of the marsh the fall flowers are in their splendour; just beyond them are drawn up spring waggons, saddled horses, shabby buggies and sulkies, in which the pickers arrived. The screens, tended each by three or four men or girls, the big blue waggons loaded with the newly filled barrels, the tally keepers in chairs on little platforms, the inspectors stalking like tall cranes among the stooping pickers—all this makes a busy scene, full of colour and intense life.

"They say it is not unhealthy work and is pleasant when one is used to it," said Faith to herself. "Letty and I have never wanted to be thrown with the rest of the people that way, but if we must, we must. I wonder if I can earn much at first, and if it will not spoil my hands for the lace."

Next day Faith had to go to the village with Letty's work, and there were letters. One was to her with an order for six handkerchiefs for a bride's trousseau—wanted at once—and one for Letty from New York.

Letty came out to meet her, her finger on her lips. "Father is asleep at last, and I'm so glad. Poor man! he has just moaned and moaned and mourned for hours. Do you think he is getting softening of the brain, Faith?"

"No; it is just mental and bodily weakness from lack of his usual stimulant. Let us sit down out here, Letty. Here is a letter for you. I am sure it is about Hugh. It is from Mr. Julian I am certain, and written to you because you are the eldest, you know."

Letty was so tremulous with joy she could scarcely open the letter.

"Yes! four big pages, and signed 'Your sincere friend, Kenneth Julian.' O Faith, isn't this grand? What beautiful writing!—

"'I found Mr. Tom Wharton's address and went there on some business I had raked up in the gutta-percha line. I asked for your brother, introduced myself, and in the course of conversation said, "I met some people of your name on —— beach this summer. Were they relatives, do you think?" "Probably not," he said; but I went on—"A Mr. Ralph Kemp, formerly a professor of literature or Latin, and Miss Letty and Miss Faith." he interrupted me: "My sisters! Did you really see them? How are they?" and then no end of questions. I answered as best I could, telling only what I had agreed with Miss Faith should be told. Evidently you are not forgotten, and are as dear to him as he is to you. A fine lad, I think; very fine, hearty, frank, friendly, honourable. I will not tell you what I said of you both. Written, it might seem as if I tried to flatter you; but it was the least I could say. He told me how it was that you had been parted so from him. He said at his sisters' instance and earnest advice he had given that pledge not to communicate with them until he was twenty-one. He thought the promise wrong, and often had more than half a mind to tell his uncle it was an iniquity, and that he must take it back and go to visit his sisters.'"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Faith, "he must not; it is better so."

"He must not take back his word," said Letty. "He must stay there. We could not have him come here to this house and see father as he is."

"You must write to Mr. Julian and tell him to say to Hugh that if he loves us, he will stay with uncle and fulfil his pledges in every particular and make of himself the best that he can; that we have learned to consider our uncle's way right and wise."

"I will write to-night," said Letty. Then, reading again:

"'I advised him to take no step of the kind without your consent. I told him that I would tell you how he felt, and that it would be well to be guided by your judgment. The opening in life that he has with his uncle is a good one. Mr. Wharton, he tells me,—and other people also tell me,—is a man stubborn and whimsical, but also thoroughly upright and just; a man to be relied on and who, in spite of his crotchets, is of excellent judgment. Your brother invited me to call upon him one evening, and I did. The house is handsome and pleasant, well provided with books and pictures, and Mr. Wharton was hospitable. Of course I did not mention any of you before him.'

"I see clearly," said Letty, laying down the letter, "what is our duty. We must ask Mr. Julian to earnestly warn Hugh to observe strictly all that he has promised our uncle, and we, on our part, must have no secret communication with him through anybody. Now we know how Hugh is getting on and how he lives, and he knows that we are living and love him as ever. That is enough, and more than we had expected. Two years longer it will be, and no more, until Hugh is twenty-one. To-morrow will be his nineteenth birthday; then in two years he can come to us. Two years will not seem long; we have lived through six. I will write to Mr. Julian to-night and thank him and tell him what I want, and tell him also that it is best that I should not write again, for that would be a way of evading the strict keeping of our promise."

"Yes," said Faith. "Let me see the letter, Letty. What is this head-

ing? 'JULIAN & WOODROW, REAL ESTATE BROKERS.' So that is his business! I did not know. Once he told me that he graduated at college three years ago, and that he had been since then to Europe and had made a trip south, and to California and to the Northwest, looking up the real estate business. Dear me, Letty, it must be worth while living, to be a man and able to go to places and see and do things! Look here! Why don't you ask me what my letter is about? It is about six handkerchiefs that I am to make. That is not as good luck as to dabble in real estate, is it?"

"That depends upon whether your dabbling results in losing or gaining. It would be less distressing to bungle on a handkerchief than to lose a big sum in real estate business."

"The excitement of the work would be worth something," said Faith. "However, this order keeps me from going to the marshes to pick cranberries, and I should have hated to leave you alone all day, Letty."

"Nothing seems hopelessly bad when we are together," said Letty; "and now that we have heard from our brother, how happy I am!"

When one lives in a dungeon, a very small ray of sunlight seems comparatively brilliant. When one has long lived in gloom and despondency, some small turn for the better in affairs may raise the spirits remarkably. This hearing from Hugh, or rather of Hugh, although they should not be able to see him for two years, and had no hope of hearing directly from him in that time, shed unaccustomed brightness into the lives of Faith and Letty.

Letty sang at her work, in thought following Hugh about his daily business, fancying the commodious home where he lived, a home over which no shadow of dishonour had fallen. She imagined what Hugh's life might be in the years to come, a reputable business man with a handsome home. Should she and Faith ever go to visit him in that home? She would be sure never to tell him of some sad days they had lived through with father. His father must stand before him with as unclouded a memory as possible.

Should they tell their father what they had heard about Hugh? The sisters consulted about that in whispers, after they had gone to bed; they concluded that they had better say nothing, it was so very uncertain how father would take anything. He had no expectation of hearing from or of Hugh, and Faith said to Letty that it was well to let well enough alone, and bad might be made worse by meddling. Still it was natural to wish to tell someone of their good news, and Letty told Kiah Kibble the first time that they went down to the boathouse to sit for an hour or two.

Mr. Kemp, after lying in bed for a week and sitting dully about the house for another week, became very restless; he wanted to go out in the *Goblin* and he wanted to go to Kiah Kibble's, and when he was cruising in the *Goblin* he was likely to direct his course to the wharf and to danger. When he was at Kiah's he kept looking toward the distant cluster of roofs and steeples that marked the town. It was borne in upon the daughters that the days of their father's abstinence were numbered, and their sum was very nearly told.

"Come, Mr. Kemp," said Kiah, "active work is what you want; swing a mallet or a hammer, or handle a saw. Take hold here with me, and I will tell you what to do. Never mind if you do spoil a bit of lumber."

"My muscle is all gone," said Mr. Kemp. "I have no grip left. See how flabby my arm is. And I've no taste for work; it seems as if I couldn't take hold. My interest in everything is gone. And then, when I consider what I was, the high

place I held and the higher place I might have reached, I can't come down to manual labour."

"I consider any kind of manual labour a coming *up* from doing nothing," said Kiah. "I'm dead sure that the Lord hates idlers. He set man work to do in Eden before he fell, to help keep him from falling, and after he fell he made him work harder, to keep him out of further mischief. I delight in work."

"*Sic se res habet: te tua, me delectant mea,*" said Mr. Kemp with a grand air, "which I will translate for you, Mr. Kibble, freely: 'So the world goes: my affairs interest me, yours interest you.' I have no interest in mallets and oakum; you have none in Latin."

"Well, here comes Luke Folsom," said Kiah in a low voice. "Don't let him lead you off; I see he has a jug in his hands. For your daughters' sake."

Luke came near. Kiah, mindful of the sisters sitting in the shade of the shop, was cold and curt with him. "Take yourself along, Luke. That bucket of yours carries what I don't approve of."

"It never hurt me," said Luke. "I'm man enough to hold my own; I'm no tippler, and I'm no temperance crank. When I want a drink I take it."

"There is nothing very wonderful or very manly in that," said Kiah "My dog does the same, but my dog goes beyond you; he don't take a drink when he don't want it, as many men do; and he don't take a drink that will hurt him either. He takes what nature made for him, and no more."

"I suppose at this rate you'll not take a drink of my beer," said Luke. "Won't you have some, Kemp?"

"No," said Ralph with dignity. "I don't like beer. It is a very coarse, vulgar drink. The ancients said it was merely a corrupt similitude of wine."

Luke laughed. "Are you putting on temperance, Kemp?"

"Get you gone, Folsom," said Kibble. "When a man sets himself to tempt his neighbour he is a true yokefellow of the devil."

And so in sorrow and in cheer the autumn passed, and now November winds moaned across the sea.

WORSHIP.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

"Yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come."—Ezekiel xi. 16.

"A LITTLE sanctuary;" gracious Lord,
Make true for me the treasures of this word;
Thyself hast brought me whither I am come
And may no more go out until Thou call me home.

Not unto temple built by hands of men
Thou willest I shall ever pass again;
I cannot mingle with Thy people there
Who hymn Thy praise and lift to Thee their hands in prayer.

But wheresoe'er Thou art is Holy Place—
And solitary souls may claim Thy grace;
Then, though I go not forth to worship Thee,
Oh, let me ceaseless feel Thy Presence circling me!

Accept the faltering prayers I feebly raise,
And listen to my few, faint words of praise;
Thee doth this trembling heart truly adore:
Thine is its deepest love—would it could render more!

Thyself my sanctuary;—blessèd Lord,
If Thou indeed fulfil to me this word
Well may I stay content where I am come,
Till Thou shalt bid me rise to Thy Eternal Home.

TORONTO.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

A shelter for women has been opened in connection with the Manchester Mission. "Sister Pattie" has charge, and during the past year she has conversed with more than one thousand poor unfortunates, whom she has counselled and helped. She thinks that if means could be secured, two or three such institutions could be established with advantage.

It is also proposed to erect another central hall in connection with the said mission as soon as funds can be secured.

During the severe weather the shelters and homes have been crowded; besides these three thousand needy ones have been helped once daily. There has been a great amount of voluntary work performed.

The Intercession Day on behalf of foreign missions was observed both at home and abroad, and special subscriptions were made on behalf of the Society's debt.

The Leeds missionary anniversary, which is always the first of the season, was a very successful affair. The financial results were more than $5,575.

This is a summary of the connexional trust property in England: Trust estates, 7,987; of these 5,121 are free from debt. The total income from all sources of these trusts is $2,388,820; the total expenditure is $2,663,745. The net amount of debt paid off during the year is $104,230. No less a sum than $885,885 is reported this year as having been raised by local voluntary contributions for new erections and enlargements, whilst the net amount annually contributed in Great Britain, from all sources, is $1,183,610.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop Merrill has a little book in the press, entitled "Mary of Nazareth and Her Family: A Scripture Study."

The North-West India Conference, the fifth and last organized, recently held its session for the year, and reported 9,076 baptisms, and 4,000 began a new life. The presiding elders became responsible for the support of twenty-two native ministers by the churches to which they were appointed. A Hindustani self-support society was organized by Hindustani brethren. The Sunday-schools have 23,423 pupils. The day-schools enroll 5,500 pupils. There are 18,222 approved, and 7,043 probationers; total, 25,665 church members. Six training-schools were ordered to be established.

Bishop Thoburn has purchased an abandoned tea plantation in Himalaya, covering one thousand acres, for $4,000, to make it "a vast industrial establishment," where men and women, and boys and girls shall be taught divers useful occupations.

The National Deaconess Conference was recently held in New York. Reports were read of the Homes at Brooklyn, Kansas City, Chicago, Calcutta and Lucknow, in India. The rapid increase of the Deaconess movement is very gratifying. As far as can be ascertained, there are now twenty-nine Homes in the United States, one in Canada and six in the East Indies. The total number of deaconesses is 445.

A Sunday-school procession, numbering over thirty thousand children, all either of Hindu or Moslem parents, marched last year in Lucknow, the scene of the awful Sepoy massacre in 1857.

There are four missions in Denver largely supported and managed by young people. For the lecture course of the Loring Street Mission, 1,700 course tickets were sold before the first lecture by Bishop Warren was given.

During the closing years of Bishop Asbury's life he carried with him a little pocket mite-book. He presented this at every house where he stayed, and solicited subscriptions for his needy preachers.

One bishop lately wrote: "I mourn that I get so little time to write. My correspondence amounts to five thousand letters a year, which I personally answer."

The Book Concern at New York has appropriated $120,000 of the profits of last year's business for the benefit of the Superannuated Ministers' Fund—$20,000 in excess of the previous year.

The new Mission College and Publishing Building in Rome will be dedicated next September.

An interesting scene occurred at Los Angeles recently. There met at the altar of the church, for baptism, a Chinaman, a Japanese and an American. At the same service four young men from the Chinese Mission were received into full membership, one of whom had been cruelly persecuted by his heathen friends for his religious faith, but he remains steadfast.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Bishop Galloway has returned from his world-wide tour. His letters in the Nashville *Christian Advocate* are among the most interesting of the kind which we have ever read. The Methodist Social Union, of New York, honoured themselves and displayed a fine fraternal spirit by giving the Bishop a reception as soon as he landed on his native shores. Dr. Buckley declared that the address of Bishop Galloway was one of the best of the kind he ever heard.

The Board of Control of the Epworth League has assessed each League ten cents per member to defray the expenses of the general office.

The Methodists of South Carolina are about to establish an Epworth orphanage.

Methodist New Connexion.

The Christian Endeavour Societies are putting forth efforts to raise $5,000 as their special gift to the Centenary Fund.

A regular examination of Sunday scholars is held. Among other subjects is the "History of the Connexion." Recently 463 pupils were present at one examination, which was pronounced satisfactory. This method might be imitated by other denominations.

Primitive Methodist.

The Joint Committee of the Bible Christian and Primitive Methodist bodies have met. It is thought that a union between them may be accomplished. The selection of a name for the united body seems to be the most difficult question.

Rev. J. F. Porter, who formerly laboured in Canada, proposes to establish a Bible-Woman's Home in East London.

A valedictory service was recently held in Exeter Hall to take leave of missionaries appointed to Africa.

The Methodist Church.

Rev. Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, the well-known evangelists, have just closed a campaign at St. John, N.B., in which one thousand persons are reported as having found the Saviour. Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Roman Catholics are included in the number. As these notes are being prepared they are labouring at Parkdale, where the outlook is encouraging.

The new college residence at Mount Allison was recently thrown open for the first time to the public. Somewhere about eight hundred invited guests were present, and an enjoyable evening was spent.

The French Methodist Institute in Montreal is doing a good work. The number of pupils in attendance is sixty-nine.

Rev. W. W. Baer, Secretary of British Columbia Conference, has been spending a few weeks in Ontario, during which he has preached several times and delivered lectures descriptive of the Province and the missions. He has imparted much valuable information, and has greatly pleased and edified his hearers.

Rev. John McDougall, chairman of Saskatchewan District, has attended a great number of missionary meetings in Ontario. His addresses were full of such information respecting the missions as people need. He will soon issue a volume which will be a desirable addition to our missionary literature.

Recently a free-will offering was made in Broadway Tabernacle which amounted to near $2,000.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. R. W. Dale, D.D., of Birmingham, England, was the most eminent minister of the English Congregationalists. He was formerly colleague and then successor of the saintly John Angell James. Probably no minister of any Church exerted more influence on public questions than he. He was author of several books, and for several years edited the London *Congregationalist*. He was the first Englishman to be appointed to the Lyman Beecher lectureship at Yale Theological School.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has lost two of its giants, Revs. W. P. Harrison, D.D., and L. C. Garland, D.D. For eight years Dr. Harrison was editor of the *Quarterly* and book editor. He once was chaplain of the United States Senate. Two of his books are especially well known, viz., "The Living Christ," and "Theophilus Walton," a unique work on baptism. Though self-taught, he was master of five or six languages, and a good working

knowledge of at least twenty others. Dr. L. C. Garland was ex-chancellor of Vanderbilt University, Nashville. He was eighty-four years of age, and had spent at least fifty years in educational work. He was chancellor of Vanderbilt for eighteen years, and taught until within a few days of his death.

The Primitive Methodist Church in England has lost another of its aged ministers, the Rev. Oliver Jackson. With others he often tarried at the home of the present writer's parents. He had but few educational advantages in early life, but he was a faithful servant of the Church, though his labours were often ill-requited. After spending thirty-nine years on hard fields of toil, for twenty-one years he was a superannuated minister, though he performed much ministerial work both in the pulpit and private classes. He was seventy-nine when called hence.

The Presbyterian Church of Canada has lost one of its most laborious ministers, the Rev. D. L Mackechnie. He was a regular visitor to the lumber shanties on the Upper Ottawa, where his services were greatly appreciated both by masters and men.

Rev. Dr. Crary, editor of the *California Christian Advocate* (M. E. Church), died early in March from the effects of *la grippe*. He was a strong and graceful writer, and was formerly editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, then of the *Central Christian Advocate*. He was chaplain of the army during the late war. He also spent several years as president of Hamline University, and superintendent of public instruction in Minnesota. He was seventy-four years of age. His memory will long be treasured.

As these notes were being prepared news reached us of the death of Rev. Dr. Broadus (Baptist). He was one of the best known ministers in the denomination. Most of his life was spent in educational work. He was the author of several books, one of which relates to preaching and is pronounced one of the best of its kind in America. As a biblical scholar he was greatly esteemed. For several years he was a member of the International Sunday-school Lesson Committee.

We regret to learn of the death by the prevailing epidemic of *la grippe*, of Mr. J. L. Stephens, the courteous and efficient manager of the wholesale department of the Methodist Book Concern, New York. Mr. Stephens has been for forty years in the employ of the house, and had won the esteem and confidence of all who knew him. He was an efficient member of the Methodist church at Elizabeth, New Jersey, the place of his residence. His loss will be greatly felt by the very large circle of his friends and acquaintances.

The Rev. F. Greeves, D.D., was one of three brothers in the Wesleyan ministry. They all died within the short space of eight months. They were sons of a Wesleyan minister, and all were men of more than ordinary ability, and occupied prominent positions in the Church of their father. He of whom we now write was an ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference. For the past eight years he was Principal of the Sutherland Training Institution. For several years his health was delicate, but he was seldom absent from the post of duty.

Rev. W. H. Graham, ex-president of Montreal Conference, entered into rest, March 22nd. He was sixty-three years of age, and had spent forty years in seeking to turn men to righteousness. Prior to the Union he belonged to the Methodist Episcopal section of Methodism, and was one of the ardent advocates of union, a course which he never regretted. Mr. Graham was a faithful minister of the Gospel, and a judicious administrator of church affairs. In the private circle he was genial, and was greatly beloved by those to whom he was best known. For some time his health was precarious, but now he is forever freed from pain and suffering. He died at his post.

WHAT throng is this, what noble troop, that pours,
Arrayed in beauteous guise,
Out through the glorious city's open doors
To greet my wondering eyes?
The hosts of Christ's elected,
The jewels that he bears
In His own crown, selected
To wipe away my tears.

Prophets great, and patriarchs high, a band
That once has borne the cross,
With all the company that won that land,
By counting gain for loss,
Now float in freedom's lightness,
From tyrants' chains set free,
And shine like suns in brightness
Arrayed to welcome me.

Book Notices.

A Standard Dictionary of the English Language, upon Original Plans, designed to give in Complete and Accurate Statement, in the Light of the Most Recent Advances in Knowledge, and in the Readiest Form for Popular Use, the Meaning, Orthography, Pronunciation and Etymology of all the Words and the Idiomatic Phrases in the Speech and Literature of the English-speaking Peoples. Prepared by more than Two Hundred Specialists and other Scholars under the Supervision of ISAAC K. FUNK, D.D., Editor-in-Chief, FRANCIS A. MARCH, LL.D., L.H.D., Consulting Editor, DANIEL S. GREGORY, D.D., Managing Editor. Associate Editors A. E. BOSTWICK, Ph.D., JOHN D. CHAMPLAIN, M.A., ROSSITER JOHNSTON, Ph.D., LL.D. New York and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls. Pp. 2,318. Price, single-volume edition, half russia, $12.00, full russia, $14.00, full morocco, $18.00. Two-volume edition, $15.00, $17.00, $22.00.

The completion of this great work is a literary event. For five years an able staff of editors have been engaged upon it, numbering 247 persons, many of them men of world-wide reputation for expert knowledge and scholarship. Only a house with large capital and great resources could undertake such an enterprise as this, it having cost over $960,000 before a complete copy was ready for the market.

First, a word as to its mechanical excellence; the broad page, the clear, distinct type, the black-faced titles, make it easy of consultation. The heavy russia binding is necessary for the preservation of so large a book. The numerous and clear engravings, five thousand in number, are not mere embellishments, but lucidly illustrate, better than pages of description, the topics in hand. The coloured illustrations of birds, gems, solar spectra, coins, coats-of-arms, signals, flowering plants and the like, are marvels of lithographic art. Those of flowers and gems surpass anything we have seen in chromo-lithography. The translucence of the quartz and pearl, the hidden fire of the topaz, garnet and other precious stones are marvellously shown. A single coloured plate under the word spectrum required fifty separate lithographic printings by Prang & Co., of Boston, and cost several thousand dollars. The method of creating a standard of colours was highly ingenious. Six thousand samples of colour were prepared in silk, ink, paper, woven fabric and the like, and the consensus of scores of manufacturers is expressed in the standards given.

But a dictionary may be a very handsomely manufactured book and yet be defective in the great purpose for which it is designed. Let us examine this with a view to its utility.

First as to its copiousness. It contains more than 300,000 words as against 225,000 in the "Century," 125,000 in the "International" (Webster), and 105,000 in "Worcester's." Many of these, of course, are new words in the arts and sciences. But these are the very words of which we wish to find clear definitions. The grouping of words and cross references are such as to give the book much the effect of an encyclopædia. The definitions excel in clearness, sententiousness and comprehensiveness. The illustrative citations are not familiar and hackneyed ones, but specially made for the purpose by more than five hundred readers of nearly one hundred thousand volumes. They represent every phase of English literature from Chaucer down. Of special value are the synonyms and antonyms which are of such importance in giving nice discriminations and accuracy of meaning.

As examples of completeness of statement we note that the word "white" and its compounds is treated in six columns. The word "weight" and its compounds in seven and one half columns. The word "wheel" and its compounds in two and a quarter columns. The tables of measures alone give English equivalents of more than eight hundred measures; that of coins occupies six columns, which required nearly a year of time and almost unlimited correspondence to prepare.

In the scientific departments trained specialists have been employed to prepare the definitions, and each set of words has been passed upon by an expert in the science, art, handicraft, or leading representative of the party, class, or religious

denomination to which the terms respectively belong. This is on the principle that the people who use the terms have a right to say what they mean when they employ them.

The book has valuable appendices, giving a list of several hundred pages of proper names in biography, fiction, geography, history, mythology, pen-names, pseudonyms and the like ; a glossary of foreign words and phrases, by Professor Wilkinson, corrective examples of faulty diction, disputed spellings, abbreviations and the like.

Many of the most scho'arly literary experts of the world have given their critical approval to this book, including professors at Harvard, Yale, Johns Hopkins, Oxford and Cambridge. We can but repeat the following opinion expressed of the first volume :

We have just one fault to find with this dictionary—it is so interesting that one can scarce open it to look up a word but some special feature will catch the eye and arrest the attention till one has examined it. This, we suppose, will wear off with familiarity. We have just one regret—that it was not an English publisher who had the honour to prepare this best English dictionary.

Such a unique book as this quite takes away the meaning of the old saw, 'as dry as a dictionary.' The book is really one of fascinating interest. We would not mind being shut up in gaol with such a book for—well, for a considerable length of time.

It would be almost impossible to conceive the amount of labour bestowed on the type-setting and proof-reading corrections of this book. The publishers furnish a series of twelve photos, showing the stages through which each page passed, from the receipt of the manuscripts to the final correction of the stereotype plates, which is a surprising revelation of the labour and cost of dictionary-making. The original cost of type-setting in a page of the dictionary is over six dollars, but the average cost of alterations and corrections is over thirty-three dollars, or five times the original cost.

The announcement of the completion of this book, issued by the publishers, is a quarto pamphlet of seventy-two pages, with 170 portraits of the chief collaborators in its preparation.

Motley: Verses Grave and Gay. By J. W. Bengough. Illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

The numerous friends of Mr. Bengough—and no man in the country has more—will be glad to see this collected volume of his poems, which have appeared in *Grip* and other journals, as well as some new ones.

Mr. Bengough has been called, "Our Canadian Whitcomb Riley." He is this and something more. He combines the humour of Riley with the earnest moral purpose of Will Carleton, and adds the ability which very few writers possess, to embody in graphic sketch the ideas of his verses. While much of this volume is richly humorous—*vide* the mock heroics on Christopher Columbus—some of the poems are of touching pathos and show that the fount of tears lies near to that of laughter.

The humour is of a thoroughly genial sort. There is not an ill-natured line in the whole book. Even those who are laughed at must join in the laughter, except, perhaps, Fitzdudeson, on page twenty-four, who looks like the consummate ass that he is.

We always admired *Grip* for one special feature, that it was always on the right side of every moral question. This marks also the volume before us. The poems on temperance subjects, on the Salvation Army and its work, Sunday cars and social reform, are illustrations of this. The author's broad humanity and sympathy with the suffering are admirably shown in many of these poems. His tributes to public men of Canada, Sir John A. Macdonald, George Brown, Alexander Mackenzie, Sir John Thompson, C. F. Fraser, Rev. Dr. Stafford, Archbishop Lynch, Father Stafford and others, give the volume a distinctly patriotic character. Many of these are accompanied by admirable vignette portrait.

The numerous pen-and-ink sketches are simply inimitable. Here Bengough's genius shines supreme. A mob of gentlemen can write with ease, but no man in Canada can put so much character into a thumb-nail sketch. The Salvation Army procession, the political candidates, the Delsarte expression pictures, the dude on the train and other figures are vital to their finger-tips. Some of the poems could well be used as temperance campaign tracts. The tribute to Gladstone at Hawarden church, with the fine portrait of the "grand old man," strikes us as remarkably strong and terse,—

> "A layman this, wearing no churchly garb,
> And consecrated by no priestly hands,
> But priest withal, in truer, wider sense—
> Archbishop of all English-speaking men."

Canada's welcome to Earl and Countess

of Aberdeen ends with a fine democratic ring :

"Yet, more high, as man and woman,
Nobler still by noble life,
We give greeting full and human
To John Gordon and his wife."

In view of the Napoleon craze now rampant, the parallel between General Booth and General Bonaparte anticipates the revised estimate of the future.

"That name, like Napoleon's, is known o'er the world,
But is known to be reverenced—not to be loathed ;
It stands for Salvation, not carnage and woe,
For the fallen uplifted, the destitute clothed.

If it's higher and greater to save than destroy—
If man is immortal and not a mere thing,
And if titles have meaning in marking degree,
Then Napoleon's an insect, and Booth is a king."

"Farmer Jinks on Sunday Cars," and its sequel, are inimitable. A whole volume of apologetics is expressed in the following lines on the Higher Criticism :

"My dear old mother, dead and gone, was a Higher Critic, too ;
This Book was hers—she loved it, and she knew it through and through,
She told me 'twas from God direct, and she'd no doubt at all
The patriarchs had really lived, as well as John and Paul.

But she was a Higher Critic of the very highest kind—
She searched the Scriptures daily the Pearl of price to find ;
She caught their inner spirit—which some Higher Critics miss—
And Christ was formed within her, and filled her soul with bliss."

And there is a world of Gospel in the words of the convict to the preacher :

"Brother, you've saved my soul,
I've touched Christ's garment through your love, and it has made me whole."

Religions of the World in Relation to Christianity. By G. M. GRANT, D.D. Toronto : William Briggs. Price, 20 cents.

This little book of 137 pages is a veritable *multum in parvo*. One of the greatest of themes is discussed in an exceedingly concise and comprehensive manner. Very wide reading, keen insight, and broad sympathies are evidenced in this volume. The publishers well remark that the severe condensation necessary has not perceptibly impaired the charm and vigour of the author's style. The book will receive a warm welcome from those who feel an interest in the life and thought of the countless millions of their fellow-men who are still beyond the pale of the Christian Church.

While believing that Jesus is "the way, the truth and the life," and that His religion is the absolute religion, Principal Grant recognizes in the systems of Mohammedanism, Confucianism, Hinduism and Buddhism, "broken lights" of the Great Author of truth.

One of the most interesting sections is the chapter on Mohammedanism, a system which "fused the chaotic and discordant tribes of Arabia into a theocratic nation, and then displaced Christianity from its cradle and from all the countries known to us as the Bible lands." It to-day has more adherents than all the Protestant Churches in Christendom.

It cannot but impress the dullest imagination that for a thousand years, from Delhi to Morocco, five times every day the call to prayer has sounded forth, reminding men, amid the ceaseless changes of the seen and temporal, of the realities of the unseen and eternal.

This Moslem faith has not been permitted by God to mould the lives of so many millions for centuries without its important teachings. It was a protest against the idolatry of the heathen and the Mariolatry and saint-worship of a corrupt Christianity. It was an assertion of the unity and supremacy of God, and inculcates many lessons of love to man.

In like manner the learned Principal studies the origin, the sources of strength and weakness, of success and failure, of the still older faiths of Confucianism, Hinduism and Buddhism.

Caroline, Baroness Nairne. By her grandniece. Edinburgh : Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto : William Briggs. Price, 90 cents.

The author of "The Land o' the Leal," one of the sweetest songs in the Scottish or any other tongue, deserves the commemoration here given. It was a noble life. Religion with her was a deep and abiding power, all the more beautiful as adorning the character of one in high place in the land.

STREET IN THE BAZAAR, CONSTANTINOPLE.